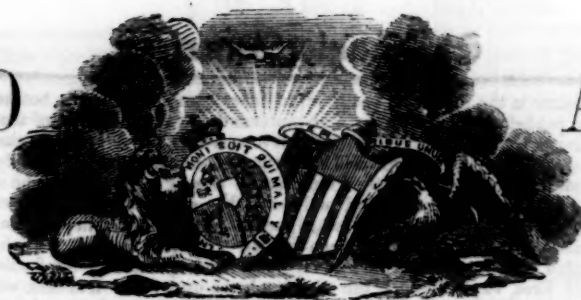


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THE DEATH OF BONAPARTE AT ST. HELENA.

BY M. DE LAMARTINE.

High on a rock lashed by the plaintive wave
From far the mariner discerns a grave,
Time has not yet the narrow stone defaced;
But thorns and ivy have their tendrils bound,
Beneath the verdant covering woven round,
A broken sceptre's traced.

Here lies—without a name his relics rest,
But 'tis in characters of blood impressed,
On every conquered region of the world,
On bronze and marble, on each bosom brave,
And on the heart of every trembling slave
Beneath his chariot hurled.

Three little steps may measure the low mound,
And not a murmur from the grave resound;
The warrior may be spurned by rival's feet,
Insects may buzz around that lofty brow;
For his imperial shade hears only now
The surge unceasing beat.

Proudly disdaining what the world admired,
Dominion only his stern soul required;
All obstacles, all foes his might o'ercame,
Straight to the goal, swift as the winged dart
Flew his command, though through a friend's warm heart,
And reached its deadly aim.

Never to cheer him was the banquet spread,
Nor wine all crimson in the goblet shed;
Streams of another purple pleased his eye;
Fixed as the soldier watching braced in arms
He had no smiles for gentle beauty's charms,
Nor for her tears a sigh.

His joys were the clang of arms, the battle peal,
The flash of morning on the polished steel;
His hand alone caressed his war-horse fleet,
Whilst like a wind the white descending mane
Furrowed the bloody dust, and all the slain
Lay crushed beneath his feet.

To be the thought and life of a whole age,
To blunt the poignard—ennemy assuage—
To shake and then establish tottering state;
And by the lightning his own cannons pour
To win the game of empires o'er and o'er,
Proud dream!—Resplendent fate!

'Tis said that in his last long dying moan,
Before eternity subdued alone,
A troubled glance did up to heaven ascend.
That mercy's sign had touched the scornful man,
That his proud life a holy Name began,
Began—but dared not end!

Complete the word!—pronounce the sacred Name,
Our deeds and heroes are not weighed the same.
God pardons or condemns, He crowns, He reigns;
Speak without dread—He comprehends thy thoughts,
Tyrants or slaves each to account are brought
For sceptres, or for chains!

IRELAND SIXTY YEARS AGO.

From the Dublin University Magazine.

THE character of Ireland sixty or seventy years ago was an anomaly to the moral world. Though united to England for seven centuries, and every effort made during that period to assimilate the people to her sober, prudent, and wise-thinking neighbours, little progress seems to have been made in ingrafting their habits, manners, and modes of thinking on the wild Irish stock. The laws were promulgated, and sometimes enforced with unrelenting severity; yet there was no advance in the general improvement of the people. Even within the pale, or in the immediate vicinity of the metropolis, the king's writ was nearly as much disregarded in the eighteenth century, as when Maguire of Fermanagh, in the sixteenth, demanded the price of the sheriff's head, that if his people cut it off, his *Eric* might be sent as a compensation to the Castle of Dublin. So little change was made in the moral feeling of the people, that laws were inoperative, evincing the truth of the satirist's remark, *Quid prosunt sine moribus leges*.

In former numbers of the UNIVERSITY MAGAZINE, we were enabled to lay before our readers various details of the unfortunate George Robert Fitzgerald; the strange and almost incompatible traits of character he displayed; his alternate gentleness and ferocity, love of justice and violation of all law; his lenity and cruelty, patient endurance of wrong, yet perpetration of foul and atrocious murders. The scene of his outrages was, however, confined to a portion of Ireland separated from the rest by its local position on the remote shores of the Atlantic, seldom visited by strangers, having little intercourse with England, and either generally ignorant of its laws, or from impunity setting them altogether at defiance. The instances we have now to lay before our readers are examples of a kindred spirit existing among persons born and living within the

pale of civilization, brought up among Ireland's best inhabitants, in constant intercourse with intelligent strangers, and having no excuse from ignorance or seclusion for violations of law and justice. We shall begin with the metropolis.

BUCKS AND RIOTERS IN DUBLIN.

AT the period we refer to, any approach to the habits of the industrious classes by an application to trade or business, or even a profession, was considered a degradation to a gentleman, and the upper orders of society affected a most rigid exclusiveness. There was, however, one most singular pursuit in which the highest and lowest seemed alike to participate with an astonishing relish, viz., fighting—which all classes in Ireland appear to have enjoyed with a keenness now hardly credible even to a native of Kentucky. The passions for brawls and quarrels was as rife in the metropolis as elsewhere, and led to scenes in Dublin, sixty or seventy years ago, which present a most extraordinary contrast to society here at the present day.

Among the lower orders a feud and deadly hostility had grown up between the Liberty boys, or tailors and weavers of the Coombe, and the Ormond boys, or butchers who lived in Ormond-market on Ormond-quay, which caused frequent conflicts; and it is in the memory of many now living that the streets, and particularly the quays and bridges, were impassable in consequence of the battles of the parties. The weavers descending from the upper regions beyond Thomas-street poured down upon their opponents below; they were opposed by the butchers, and a contest commenced on the quays which extended from Essex to Island bridge. The shops were closed; all business suspended; the sober and peaceable compelled to keep their houses, and those whose occasions led them through the streets where the belligerents were engaged, were stopped while the war of stones and other missiles was carried on across the river, and the bridges were taken and retaken by the hostile parties. It will hardly be believed in the present efficient state of our police, that for whole days the intercourse of the city was interrupted by the feuds of these parties. The few miserable watchmen, inefficient for any purpose of protection, looked on in terror, and thought themselves well acquitted of their duty if they escaped from stick or stone. A friend of ours has told us that he has gone down to Essex-bridge when he has been informed that one of those bloody battles was raging, and stood quietly on the battlements for a whole day looking at the combat, in which above a thousand men were engaged. At one time the Ormond boys drove those of the Liberty up to Thomas-street, where rallying, they repulsed their assailants and drove them back as far as the Broad-stone, while the bridges and quays were strewn with the maimed and wounded. It was reported of Alderman Emerson, when the lord mayor on one of those occasions, that he declined to interfere when applied to, asserting that "it was as much as his life was worth to go among them."

These feuds terminated sometimes in frightful excesses. The butchers used their knives not to stab their opponents, but for a purpose then common in the barbarous state of Irish society, to *hough* or cut the tendon of the leg, thereby rendering the person incurably lame for life. On one occasion of the defeat of the Ormond boys, those of the Liberty retaliated in a manner still more barbarous and revolting. They dragged the persons they seized to their market, and dislodging the meat they found there, hooked the men by the jaws, and retired leaving the butchers hanging on their own stalls.

The spirit of the times led men of the highest grade and respectability to join with the dregs of the market in these outrages, entirely forgetful of the feelings of their order, then immeasurably more exclusive in their ideas of a gentleman than now; and the young aristocrat, who would have felt it an intolerable degradation to associate or even to be seen with an honest merchant, however respectable, with a singular inconsistency made a boast of his intimate acquaintance with the lawless excesses of butchers and coal-porters. The students of Trinity College were particularly prone to join in the affrays between the belligerents, and generally united their forces to those of the Liberty boys against the butchers. On one occasion, several of them were seized by the latter, and to the great terror of their friends, it was reported they were hanged up in their stalls, in retaliation for the cruelty of the weavers. A party of watchmen sufficiently strong was at length collected by the authorities, and they proceeded to Ormond-market: there they saw a frightful spectacle, a number of college lads in their gowns and caps hanging on to the hooks. On examination, however, it was found that the butchers, pitying their youth and respecting their rank, had only hung them by the waistbands of their breeches, where they remained as helpless, indeed, as if they were suspended by the neck.

The gownsmen were then a formidable body, and from a strong *esprit de corps*, were ready on short notice to issue forth in a mass to avenge any insult offered to any individual of their party who complained of it. They converted the keys of their rooms into formidable weapons. They procured them as large and heavy as possible, and slinging them in the sleeves or tails of their gowns, or pocket-handkerchiefs, gave with them mortal swinging blows. Even the fellows participated in this *esprit de corps*. The interior of the college was considered a sanctuary for debtors, and woe to the unfortunate bailiff who violated its precincts. There stood at that time a wooden pump in the centre of the front court, to which delinquents in this way were dragged the moment they were detected, and all but smothered. On one occasion, the lads had hauled a wretch whom they detected, to the pump, where he was subjected to the usual discipline. Dr. Wilder, a fellow, was passing by, and pretending to interfere for the man, called out, "Gentlemen, gentlemen, for the love of God, don't be so cruel as to nail his ears to the pump." The hint was immediately taken, a hammer and nails were sent for, and an ear was fastened with a ten-penny nail; the lads dispersed, and he remained for a considerable time bleeding and shrieking with pain, before he was released.

* Riots such as these we have described to have been frequent, seem hardly credible. But it is to be remembered that at that period there was no system of efficient police, and in the day time the streets were wholly unprotected.

Another striking instance of this laxity of discipline in the university occurred in the case of a printer of the name of Mills, who published the *Hibernian Journal*, and who had incurred the anger of the students by some severe strictures on certain members of the college, which appeared in his paper. On the 11th of February, 1775, some scholars drove in a coach to his door, and called him out on pretence of bargaining for some books. He was suddenly seized and thrust into the coach, and held down by the party within, with pistols to his head, and threats of being shot if he made any noise. In this way he was conveyed to the pump, and after being nearly trampled to death, he was held there till he was almost suffocated—indeed, he would have expired under the discipline but for the prompt interference of some of the fellows. This gross outrage in the very courts, and under the fellows' eyes, which ought to have been visited by the immediate expulsion of all concerned, was noticed only by a mild admonition of the board to a single individual; the rest enjoyed a perfect impunity, and openly exulted in the deed. The form of admonition actually excused the act. It was drawn up by the celebrated Dr. Leland, the historian of Ireland. It commenced in these words:—"Cum constet scholarium ignotorum ceterum infirmam admisisse in typographum quendam nomine Mills qui nefarius flagitii nobiliora quæque collegi membra in chartis suis laceravit," &c.

The theatre was the scene of many outrages of the college students. One of them is on legal record, and presents a striking picture of the then state of society. On the evening of the 19th of January, 1746, a young man of the name of Kelly, a student of the university, entered the pit much intoxicated, and climbing over the spikes of the orchestra, got upon the stage, from whence he made his way to the green-room, and insulted some of the females there in the most gross and indecent manner. As the play could not proceed from his interruption, he was taken away, and civilly conducted back to the pit; here he seized a basket of oranges, and amused himself in pelting the performers. Mr. Sheridan was then manager, and he was the particular object of his abuse and attack. He was suffered to retire with impunity, after interrupting the performance, and disturbing the whole house. Unsatisfied by this attack, he returned a few nights after, with fifty of his associates, gowmsmen, and others. They rushed towards the stage, to which they made their way through the orchestra, and across the lights. Here they drew their swords, and then marched into the dressing-rooms, in search of Mr. Sheridan, to sacrifice him to their resentment. Not finding him, they thrust the points of their weapons through chests and clothes-presses, and every place where a man might be concealed—and this they facetiously called *feeling* for him. He had fortunately escaped, and the party proceeded in a body to his house in Dorset-street, with the murderous determination of stabbing him, declaring with the conspirator in Venice Preserved, "each man might kill his share." For several nights they assembled at the theatre, exciting riots, and acting scenes of the same kind, till the patience of the manager and the public was exhausted. He then, with spirit and determination, proceeded legally against them. Such was the ascendancy of rank, and the terror those "bucks" inspired, that the general opinion was, it would be impossible that any jury could find a gentleman guilty of an assault upon a player. A barrister in court had remarked with a sneer, that he had never seen a "gentleman player." "Then, sir," says Sheridan, "I hope you see one now." Kelly was found guilty of a violent assault, sentenced to pay a fine of five hundred pounds, and, to the surprise and dismay of all his gentlemen associates, sent to Newgate.

Sometimes students, in other respects most amiable, and on other occasions most gentle, were hurried into those outrages by the overruling spirit of the times, and a compliance with its barbarous usages. Among the lads at that time was a young man named M'Alister, whose fate excited as much pity as execration. He was a native of Waterford, and one of the most distinguished young members of the university for talent and conduct. He supped one night at a tavern, with a companion named Vandeleur, and they amused themselves by cutting their names on the table, with the motto, *quis separabit*. Issuing from thence in a state of ebriety, they quarrelled with a man in the street, and, having the points of their swords left bare through the end of their scabbards, (a custom then common with men inclined for a brawl,) ran him through the body in the course of the fray. They were not personally recognised at the time, but the circumstance of carving their names on the table was adverted to, so they were discovered and pursued. M'Alister had gained his rooms in college, where he was speedily followed. He hastily concealed himself behind a surplice, which was hanging against the wall, and his pursuers entering the instant after, searched every spot except the one he had chosen for his superficial concealment. They tore open chests and clothes-presses, ran their swords through beds, but without finding him, and supposing he had sought some other house of concealment, they departed. On their retreat, M'Alister fled on board a ship, and escaped to America, where he died. He was a young man of a most amiable disposition. Had he lived in better days, he might have been distinguished for gentleness and humanity; the spirit of his times, and the force of example, converted him into an atrocious murderer.

Among the gentry of the period was a class called "Bucks," whose whole enjoyment, and the business of whose life seemed to consist in eccentricity and violence. Many of their names have come down to us. "Buck English," "Buck Sheehy," and various others, have left behind them traditional anecdotes so repugnant to the conduct that marks the character of a gentleman of the present day, that we hardly believe they could have pretensions to be considered as belonging to the same class of society. These propensities were not confined to individuals, but extended through all the members of a family. We remember an instance in which one brother of a well-known race shot his friend—and another stabbed his coachman. They were distinguished by the appellatives of "Killkelly," and "Killocoachy." We also remember three noblemen, brothers, so notorious for their outrages, that they acquired singular names, as indicative of their characters. The first was the terror of every one who met him in public places—the second was seldom out of prison—and the third was lame—yet, no whit disabled from his buckish achievements; they were universally known by the names of "Hellgate," "Newgate," and "Cripple-gate."

Some of the Bucks associated together under the name of the "Hell-fire Club;" and among other infernal proceedings, it is reported that they set fire to the apartment in which they met, and endured the flames with incredible obstinacy, till they were forced out of the house, in derision, as they asserted, of the threatened torments of a future state. On other occasions, in mockery of religion, they administered to one another the sacred rites of the church in a manner too indecent for description. Others met under the appellation of "Mohawk," "Hawkabite," "Cherokee," and other Indian tribes, then noted for their cruelty and ferocity; and their actions would not disgrace their savage archetypes. Others were known by the soubriquet of "Sweaters and Pinkindies." It was their practice to cut off a small portion of the scabbards of the swords which every one then wore, and prick or "pink" the persons with whom they quarrelled with the naked points, which were sufficiently protruded

to inflict considerable pain, but not sufficient to cause death. When this was intended, a greater length of the blade was uncovered. Barbers at that time were essential persons to "Bucks" going to parties, as no man could then appear without his hair elaborately dressed and powdered. When any unfortunate *friseur* disappointed, he was the particular object of their rage; and more than one was, it is said, put to death by the long points, as a just punishment for their delinquency. There was at that time a celebrated coffee-house called "Norris's," near, we believe, where the Royal Exchange now stands. This was frequented by the fashionable, who assumed an intolerable degree of insolence over all of less rank who frequented it. Here a Buck used to strut up and down with a long train to his morning gown; and if any person, in walking across the room, happened accidentally to tread upon it, his sword was drawn, and the man punished on the spot for the supposed insolence. On one occasion, an old gentleman who witnessed the transaction informed us, a plain man, of a genteel appearance, crossed the room for a newspaper, as one of the Bucks of the day (Sheehy, we believe, was his name) was passing, and touched the prohibited train accidentally with his foot. The sword of the owner was instantly out, and as every one then carried a sword, the offending man drew his, a small tuck, which he carried as an appendage to dress, without at all intending or knowing how to use it. Pressed upon by his ferocious antagonist, he was driven back to the wall, to which Buck Sheehy was about to pin him. As he drew back for the lunge, his terrified opponent, in an impulse of self-preservation, sprung within his point, and without aim or design pierced him to the heart. The Buck was notorious for his skill in fencing, and had killed or wounded several adversaries. This opportune check was as salutary in its effects at the coffee-house as the punishment of Kelly was at the theatre.

The excitement of these men was not, however, always of a cruel or violent kind. Their eccentricities were often of a peaceful character, and displayed themselves in a more harmless manner. Colonel St. Leger (pronounced Sallenger) was a large man, handsome and well-made, and particularly acceptable to the society of the Castle during the viceroyalty of the Duke of Rutland, and was a devoted admirer of the beautiful duchess, taking all occasions to display his gallantry, sometimes in the most extravagant manner. Seeing her grace wash her hands and mouth one day after dinner, he called immediately for the glass, and, standing up, drank to the bottom the contents. "St. Leger," says the duke, "you are in luck, her grace washes her feet to-night, and you shall have another goblet after supper."

The feat of another gentleman, who proposed a bet for a considerable sum that he would proceed to Jerusalem, play ball against its walls, and return in a given time, is well known in Dublin, and obtained the enterprising challenger a soubriquet by which he has ever since been universally known.

DUELLING.

The universal practice of duelling, and the ideas entertained of it, contributed not a little to the disturbed and ferocious state of society we have been describing. No gentleman had taken his proper station in life till he had "smelt powder," as it was called; and no barrister could go circuit till he had obtained a reputation in this way; no election, and scarcely an assizes, passed without a number of duels; and many men of the bar practising half a century ago, owed their eminence, not to powers of eloquence or to legal ability, but to a daring spirit, and the number of duels they had fought. Sir Jonah Barrington gives some singular details of this, and a catalogue of barristers who killed their man, and judges who fought their way to the bench. We shall notice some of them, with a few additional particulars which Barrington has not mentioned.

Among the barristers most distinguished in this way was Bully Egan, chairman of Kilmainham for the county of Dublin. He was a large, black, burly man, but of so soft and good-natured a disposition, that he was never known to pass a severe sentence on a criminal without blubbering in tears. Yet he perhaps fought more duels than any man on or off the bench. Though so tender-hearted in passing sentence on a criminal, he was remarkably firm in shooting a friend. He fought at Donnybrook with Barret, the master of the rolls, before a crowd of spectators, who were quite amused at the drollery of the scene. When his antagonist fired, he was walking coolly away, saying his honour was satisfied; but Egan called out he must have a shot at his honour. On his returning to his place, Egan said he would not *humour* him, or be *bothered* with killing him, but he might either come and shake hands, or go to the devil. On another occasion he fought with Keller, a brother barrister. It was no unusual thing for two opposite counsel to fall out in court in discussing a legal point, retire to a neighbouring field to settle it with pistols, and then return to court to resume the argument in a more peaceable manner. Such an instance occurred at the assizes of Waterford about sixty years since: Keller and Egan fell out on a point of law, and both retired from court. They crossed the river Suir in a ferry-boat to gain the county of Kilkenny. Harry Hayden, a large man and a justice of the peace for the county, when he heard of it, hastened to the spot, and got in between them just as they were preparing to fire. They told him to get out of the way or they would shoot him, and then break every bone in his body. He declared his authority as a justice of the peace. They told him if he was St. Peter from heaven they would not mind him. They exchanged shots without effect, and then returned to court. The cause of their absence was generally understood, and they found the bench, jury-box, and spectators waiting quietly to hear which of them was killed.

Fitzgibbon, the Attorney-General, who was afterwards Lord Chancellor and Earl of Clare, fought with Curran, afterwards Master of the Rolls, with enormous pistols, twelve inches long.

Scott, afterwards Lord Chief Justice of the King's Bench and Earl of Clonmel, fought Lord Tyravly on some affair about his wife, and afterwards with the Earl of Llandaff, about his sister, and with several others, on miscellaneous subjects and with various weapons, swords and pistols.

Metge, Baron of the Exchequer, fought with his own brother-in-law, and two other antagonists.

Patterson, Justice of the Common Pleas, fought three country gentlemen, and wounded them all; one of the duels was with small swords.

Toler, Lord Norbury, Chief Justice of the Common Pleas, fought "fighting" Fitzgerald, and two others, with their pistols muzzle to muzzle. So distinguished was Mr. Toler for his deeds in this way, that he was always the man depended on by the administration to frighten a member of the opposition—and so rapid was his promotion in consequence, that it was said he *shot up* into preferment.

Grady, first counsel to the revenue, fought Maher and Campbell, two barristers, and several others, *quos perscribere longum est*.

Curran, Master of the Rolls, was as much distinguished for his duels as his eloquence. He called out, among others, Lord Buckinghamshire, Chief Secretary for Ireland, because he would not dismiss, at his dictation, a public officer.

The Right Honourable G. Ogle, a privy councillor, and member for Dublin, the great Orange champion, encountered Barny Coyle, a distiller of whiskey, because he was a papist—and Coyle challenged him, because he said "he

would as soon break an oath as swallow a poached egg." The combatants were so inveterate, that they actually discharged four brace of pistols without effect. The seconds did not come off so well as the principals—one of them broke his arm, by stumbling into a potato trench. Ogle was as distinguished a poet as a duellist, and his song of "Bannow's Banks" has been for half a century a prime favourite.

Sir Hardinge Gifford, Chief Justice of Ceylon, had an encounter with the unfortunate barrister, Bagnal Harvey, afterwards the rebel leader in the county of Wexford. He wounded Gifford, but subsequently suffered himself by an ignominious execution.

The Right Honourable Henry Grattan, leader of the House of Commons, was ever ready to sustain with his pistols the force of his arguments. His cool ferocity, on such occasions, was a fearful display. He began by fighting Lord Earlsford, and ended by shooting the Honourable Isaac Corry, Chancellor of the Exchequer. He called him, in the debate on the union, "a dancing-master," and went from the house to fight him, while the debate was going on, and shot him through the arm.

So general was the practice, and so all-pervading was the duel mania, that the peaceful shades of our university could not escape it. Not only students adopted the practice, but principal and fellows set the example. The Honourable J. Hely Hutchinson, the provost, introduced, among other innovations on the quiet retreats of study, dancing, and the fashionable arts. Among them was the noble science of defence, for which he wished to endow a professorship. He is represented in Pranceriana as a fencing-master, trampling on Newton's principles, while he makes a lunge. He set the example of duelling to his pupils, by challenging and fighting Doyle, a Master in Chancery—while his son, the Honourable Francis Hutchinson, collector of the customs in Dublin, not to degenerate from his father, fought a duel with Lord Mountmorris.

As if this was not a sufficient incentive to the students, the Honourable Patrick Duigenan, a fellow and tutor in Trinity College, challenged a barrister, and fought him—and not satisfied with setting one fighting example to his young class of pupils, he called out a second opponent to the field.

The public mind was in such a state of irritation from the period of 1780 to the time of the union, that it was supposed three hundred remarkable duels were fought in Ireland during that interval. Counties or districts became distinguished for their dexterity at the weapons used—Galway, for the sword; Tipperary, Roscommon, and Sligo, for the pistol; Mayo for equal skill in both.

So universal and irrepressible was the propensity, that duelling clubs were actually established, the conditions of which were, that before a man was balloted for, he must sign a solemn declaration, that "he had exchanged a shot or a thrust with some antagonist;" and a code of laws and regulations were drawn up as a standard, to refer to on all points of honour. This was called, "The practice of duelling and points of honour settled at Clonmel summer assizes, 1775, by gentlemen delegates from Tipperary, Galway, &c., and presented for general adoption throughout Ireland." This singular national document is still extant, though happily now seldom appealed to.

Weapons of offence were generally kept at the inns for the accommodation of those who might come on an emergency unprovided. In such cases, "pistols were ordered for two, and breakfast for one," as it might, and did sometimes happen, that the other did not return to partake of it, being left dead in the field. No place was free from these encounters: feuds were cherished and offences often kept in memory, till the parties met, when swords were drawn, and the combat commenced in the public street; a ring was formed round the parties, and they fought within it like two pugilists at Moulsey Hurst. We remember to have heard an old gentleman tell of such an encounter which he witnessed in St. Stephen's-green. One of the combatants was, we believe, G. R. Fitzgerald. The parties were walking round the enclosure in different directions, and as soon as they met they sprang at each other like two game cocks; a crowd collected, and a ring was formed, when some humane person cried out, "for God's sake, part them." "No," said a grave gentleman in the crowd, "let them fight it out. One will probably be killed and the other hanged for the murder, and society will get rid of two pests." One of them did thrust the other through the tail of his coat, and he long exhibited in company, by his uneasy position, the painful and disgraceful seat of the wound.

Among the duellists of the south of Ireland at the close of the last century, were several whose deeds are still talked of. One was a gentleman named Hayes, and called "nosey," from a remarkable fleshy excrescence growing from the top of his nose, which increased to an enormous size. It was said to be the point at which his antagonist always aimed, as the most striking and conspicuous part of his person. On one occasion he tried in vain to bring an offender to the field, so he charged his son never to appear again in his presence till he brought with him the ear of his antagonist. In obedience to his father's commands the son sought out the unfortunate man, seized him, and, as was currently reported, cut off his ear, and actually brought it back to his father as a peace-offering in a handkerchief.

Another was Pat Power of Daragale. He was a fat, robust man, much distinguished for his intemperance, and generally seen with a glowing red face. He on one occasion fought with a fire-eating companion, called Bob Briscoe; when taking aim, he said he still had a friendship for him, and would show it; so he only shot off his whisker and the top of his ear. His pistol was always at the service of another who had less inclination to use it; and when a friend of his declined a challenge, Power immediately took it up for him. When the Duke of Richmond was in the south of Ireland, he knighted many persons without much regard to their merits or claims. In Waterford he was particularly profuse of his honours in this way. Among his knights were the Recorder, the paymaster of a regiment, and a lieutenant. Power was in a coffee-house conversing with a gentleman he accidentally met, and the topic of conversation was the new knights. He abused them all; but particularly "a fellow called B——, a beggarly half-pay lieutenant." The gentleman turned pale, and in confusion, immediately left the coffee-room. "Do you know who that is?" said a person present. "No," said Power; "I never saw him before." "That's Sir J. B—— whom you have been abusing." "In that case," said Power, with great unconcern, "I must look after my will." So he immediately proceeded to the office of T. Cooke, an eminent attorney, sat down upon a desk stool, and told him immediately to draw his will, as he had no time to lose. The will was drawn and executed; and then he was asked what was the cause of his hurry. He explained the circumstance, and said he expected to find a message at his house before him. "Never fear," said Cooke, "the knight is an Englishman, and has too much sense to take notice of what you have said." Cooke was a prophet; the terror of Power's name was sufficient to satisfy the Englishman for the insult.

When travelling in England he had many encounters with persons who were attracted by his brogue and clumsy appearance. On one occasion, a group of gentlemen were sitting in a box at one end of the room, when Power entered at the other. The representative of Irish manners at this time on the English

stage, was a tissue of ignorance, blunders, and absurdities, and when a real Irishman appeared off the stage he was always supposed to have the characteristics of his class, and so to be a fair butt for ridicule. When Power took his seat in the box, the waiter came to him with a gold watch, with a gentleman's compliments, and a request to know what o'clock it was by it. Power took the watch, and then directed the waiter to let him know the person that sent it; he pointed out one of the group. Power rang the bell for his servant, and directed him to bring his pistols and follow him. He put them under his arm, and with the watch in his hand, walked up to the box, and presenting the watch, begged to know to whom it belonged. When no one was willing to own it, he drew his own old silver one from his fob, and presented it to his servant, desiring him to keep it; and putting up the gold one, he gave his name and address, and assured the Cockney he would keep it safe till called for. It never was claimed.

On another occasion he ordered supper, and while waiting for it he read the newspaper. After some time, the waiter laid two covered dishes on the table, and when Power examined their contents he found they were two dishes of smoking potatoes. He asked the waiter to whom he was indebted for such good fare, and he pointed to two gentlemen in the opposite box. Power desired his servant to attend him, and directing him in Irish what to do, he quietly made his supper off the potatoes, to the great amusement of the Englishmen. Presently his servant appeared with two more covered dishes, one of which he laid down before his master, and the other before the persons in the opposite box. When the covers were removed, there was found in each a loaded pistol. Power took up his and cocked it, telling one of the others to take up the second, assuring him "they were at a very proper distance for a close shot, and if one fell he was ready to give satisfaction to the other." The parties immediately bolted without waiting for a second invitation, and with them, several persons in the adjoining box. As they were all in too great a hurry to pay their reckoning, Power paid it for them along with his own.

Another of these distinguished duellists was a Mr. Crow Ryan. He shouted along the streets of Carrick-on-Suir, "who dare say Boo," and whoever did dare say so, was called out to answer for it. The feats of another, the celebrated "fighting" Fitzgerald, are still well remembered in Dublin. He made it a practice to stand in the middle of a narrow crossing in a dirty street, so that every passenger would be forced either to step into the mud or jostle him in passing. If any had the boldness to choose the latter, he was immediately challenged.

The deeds of Bryan Maguire, one of the last and lineal descendants of the ancient chieftains of Fermanagh, continued till a still more recent period "to fright the Islanders from their propriety."

The laws by which duelling is punishable were then as severe as now; but such was the spirit of the times, that they remained a dead letter. No prosecution ensued, or if it even did, no conviction would follow. Every man on the jury was himself probably a duellist, and would not find his brother guilty. The judge, we believe, who most contributed to check this spirit, was the late Judge Mayne. He was a serious, solemn man, a Methodist in religion, and a rigid moralist in practice. His long arribularious and inflexible countenance on the bench, imposed an unusual silence and sense of seriousness upon the court. A case of duelling came before him on the western circuit, accompanied by some unusual circumstances, which in the disturbed state of the moral feeling of the time were considered an alleviation. An acquittal was therefore expected as a thing of course. The judge, however, took a different view of the case; he clearly laid it down as one of murder, and charged the jury to find such a verdict. His severity was a subject of universal reprobation, and his efforts to put down murder were considered acts of heartless cruelty. In a company of western gentlemen, when his conduct was talked over, some one inquired what was Judge Mayne's Christian name. "I cannot tell what it is," said another, "but I know what it is not—it is not Hugh." Since then, a memorable change has come over the spirit of the times, and men who had been slaves to public opinion, dared to brave it. Criminal informations for challenging or provoking to fight were ventured upon, even at the hazard of being considered cowards. In one term, thirteen were filed from the neighbourhood of Galway. Duelling, like drunkenness in Ireland, is now nearly extinguished.

This mania seems to have commenced after the battle of the Boyne, and terminated with the union. The effect of the first was, to disband a number of military men by the dissolution of the Irish army, who wandered about the country without employment or means of living, yet adhering with tenacity to the rank and feelings of gentlemen. They were naturally susceptible of slight or insult, and ready on all occasions to resent them by an appeal to their familiar weapons, the sword or pistol. Their opponents, the Williamites, had been soldiers likewise, and not likely to treat with due respect ruined and defeated men. These causes, acting on temperaments naturally hot and irritable, brought on constant collisions, which were not confined to the parties, but were soon expanded through all classes. The effect of the union was to amalgamate the countries more closely together, and to superadd the sober and wiser modes of thinking of our neighbours on the unstable and eccentric habits of ourselves.

The legislature of the time presents a few striking illustrations of the violent spirit exhibited in some of the anecdotes we have here recorded. From 1773 to 1783, several acts were passed enacting the most extreme penalties for the punishment of offenders called "Chalkers." These acts recite that profligate and ill-disposed persons were in the habit of mangling others "merely with the wanton and wicked intent to disable and disfigure them." They seem as appropriate to the gentlemanly brutalities of Bucks and Pinkindindies as to the feats of their rivals the weavers and butchers, and there is an exception in the punishment, which seems adapted more particularly for the former, viz., that while the punishment for "chalking" is made in the highest degree penal, it is provided that the offence shall not corrupt the offender's blood, or cause a forfeiture of his property to the prejudice of his wife or relatives. In 1783, the brutal custom of houghing (a favourite practice, as we mentioned before, with the Dublin butchers in their feuds) occasioned another statute, for the more effectual discovery and prosecution of offenders called "Houghers." This latter act had the curious effect of increasing the evil it was intended to check. It adopted the clumsy contrivance of pensioning the victim of the hougher for life on the district where the offence was committed unless the offender was convicted. It appears from the act that the military were the class against whom the practice of houghing was most in vogue, and when soldiers became unwilling to continue in the army, either from being employed against their political prejudices, or from being entrapped as recruits, or from any other reason, they used secretly to hough themselves, and as the conviction of the offender was then impossible, they thus obtained a pension for life.

THE GRAMPUS.—We regret to say that the loss of the Grampus is considered almost past question by the Navy Department; so we are informed in a letter from Washington, the writer of which had just been conversing with the acting Secretary of the Navy.

RECOLLECTIONS OF A BRUSH ON THE COAST OF NORWAY.

BY ONE ENGAGED IN IT.

It was not one of the least remarkable features of the determined conflict in which England was engaged for the preservation of national honour with almost every power in Europe, that the immense commerce carried on with different parts of the world was frequently transported through the very heart of an enemy's dominions, whilst our royal fleets, in the pride and defiance of supremacy, lay snugly moored in some of the best harbours and ports of the kingdoms with which we were at open and active hostility. This was more especially the case in both instances with respect to Denmark, which country was unhappily forced into warfare by circumstances that are not necessary to be entered upon here, but merely to mention that a more brave, enterprising, and watchful opponent England never had. It is true that the Danes had been deprived of their fleet, and could show no commanding force at sea in the line of battle; but it must be well remembered by all who were employed as convoys to our immense commercial marine, that more vigilant cruisers never floated on the ocean, than those carrying the swallow-tailed ensign,—red with a diagonal white cross. Nor was it in large craft alone that this extreme activity prevailed; there were gun-boats and row-boats constantly on the alert, and the masters of merchant ships, unable, through the apprehensions of capture, to spread canvas to the breeze, daringly ventured out in small boats to dog the convoys, under the expectation of making a dash upon some straggler and bearing her off as a prize.

I remember a remarkable incident of this nature that occurred in the neighbourhood of Nyborg, in 1812. One of the hired cutters, commanded by a Lieutenant, was dodging about the rear of a convoy all night, but it fell calm towards the morning, and at daylight, a six-oared Danish yawl, with seven men, (six at the paddles and one steering) was discovered about three miles from her pulling eagerly and vigorously for a brig that lay becalmed at some considerable distance from any of the English men-of-war, but there was about the same space intervening between her and the cutter as there was between the brig and the Danish boat. The master of the hired vessel informed the Lieutenant, who instantly made his appearance; and whilst carefully scanning the galley, pulling the same number of oars as the Dane, into which he also ordered two seamen to act with small arms. A smart five-oared boat was likewise prepared, the men in both all well armed, and awaited the Lieutenant's command.

"They are fine daring fellows," said the latter, as he kept his glass steadily fixed upon the yawl, "and they shall be equally as bravely met." He turned round and exclaimed, "Six volunteers for the galley. I will go with you. Seven Englishmen should be a match for seven Danes any day in the year. Come, bear a-hand! Six volunteers,—and send the two extra hands out."

The crew of the galley would not yield up their oars to the many who offered; and the two men who had been ordered to quit the boat did so very reluctantly. The Lieutenant jumped in; the bowman shoved off; the oars dropped in the water, and away went the galley propelled by stout nerves and bold hearts. It was a beautiful race: the Danes saw the object, and excited to increased energy, especially as the delay of getting the galley ready had given them the start. But the admirable construction of the Deal boat rendered her of greater speed than the yawl, and she seemed literally to fly like an arrow through the yielding element. They were not long in nearing each other, as they pulled obliquely for the brig. The Lieutenant observed the Danish steersman to rise, and point a musket towards the galley. "Give way, my lads," he shouted, "we shall beat them hollow." The next instant, whilst the smoke was curling above the yawl, one of the galley's men fell from his thwart, his oar caught the water and retarded the stroke, and he himself lay stretched out lifeless in the bottom of the boat.

"Lay in that paddle," said the Lieutenant, as a sternness came over his features. "Bear a hand about it, my boys,—there's odds against you; but sit steady fore and aft, and we shall make all square again directly."

Whilst giving these directions, the officer poised a musket in his hands; then quickly rising, he took steady aim; whilst the Danish steersman, who had been watching every proceeding, again stood up in the stern-sheets of the yawl; the white smoke enveloped both boats at the same moment of time; the ball from the yawl flew harmlessly over the galley, but the Lieutenant's shot told upon the Danish strokesman, who made a few feeble efforts to retain his position, but, suddenly swaying from side to side, he dropped his oar and sank down.

"Hurrah! my lads, I knew we should soon be on an equality again," said the English officer; "hurrah! and stretch out, they have had enough of it, and are pulling in for the shore."

This was the fact, for the Danes saw the impracticability of being first to board the brig on which they had so much relied; and, well aware of the impossibility of recruiting their numerical strength, whilst the chances were that the firing would bring the boats of the convoy upon them, had turned the yawl's head to the land, not expecting that they should be pursued. But the English Lieutenant was determined not to let them off so easily; he kept cheering on his men, who wanted but little encouragement, and they bent studiously to their work, till on an instant the Danes rose simultaneously in the yawl, and catching up their firearms the whole six let fly at once; there was not a man of the galley's crew that was not wounded; one severely, the others slightly, and the Lieutenant a musket-ball through his shoulder.

"Stand by to run your oars athwart, and handle your small arms, my lads," said the officer, "we'll profit by his example." He waved his hat; up sprang the galley's men, wounded as they were, and fired at the yawl. The steersman and one other dropped. The English resumed their oars; but the Danes, intent alone upon retaliation, laid theirs across to reload, and a discharge quickly followed, one shot only doing any mischief; and that was upon the Lieutenant himself, who received it in his hip. Before more firing could take place the boats were alongside of each other, and after a sharp hand-to-hand struggle, the yawl was captured; but not till two more of the Danes and one of the English had fallen, never to rise again, and those who remained on both sides were exhausted and nearly helpless, so that the boats lay like logs upon the water.

But this time, however, the barges and pinnaces of the *Courageux*, seventy-four, the *Horatio* frigate, and several other men-of-war, were on the move towards the scene of action, and soon had both the victors and the vanquished in tow for the fleet. The galley, as the fastest boat, was manned with fresh hands, and all the wounded being put into her, were promptly conveyed to the *Commodore*; on board of whom the dead soon afterwards arrived.

Never did I behold more robust or better made men than the Danes—the oldest of them was not more than thirty, and the youngest just turned twenty-two, and far superior in appearance to the common run of mariners. The survivors were treated most kindly—the wounded well taken care of. During the day a Danish row-boat, with a Lieutenant, bearing a flag of truce from Nyborg, came alongside to inquire the fate of their countrymen. The utmost courtesy was

shown to the officer; and then the fact transpired, that the seven intrepid and adventurous men were masters and mates of merchant-ships, who had been utterly ruined by the war. They had all been on the eve of being married, and nothing but actual poverty had deterred them from becoming united to females whom they ardently loved. Thus circumstanced, they entered into an agreement to obtain a letter of marque for the yawl as a privateer, which was accomplished without difficulty: and they fully resolved to run all hazards to win themselves a marriage-portion from the English. Only three of them returned alive to the shore, and they were badly wounded. The English Lieutenant, (I forget his name,) was shortly afterwards made a Commander; but he was killed in a boat encounter not many months subsequent to his promotion.

It was certainly a spirit-stirring spectacle to witness the movements of the convoys, sometimes not less than four or five hundred sail, as they passed through the Great Belt, closely led and surrounded by ships of war, whilst the enemy's gun and row-boats kept pace with them in-shore, and on the land, troops of Horse Artillery were constantly seen progressively advancing amongst the green trees. It was a proud sight for an Englishman, but a humiliating one to the Danes, who constantly beheld the ships of England, richly freighted, passing their once flourishing ports, but then deserted by commerce, and rapidly falling into decay.

The cruising-ground of the larger Danish vessels of war was the Sleeve, between the Skaw Point and the coast of Norway; the cruisers always finding sure shelter within the rocky islands of the latter iron-bound shore. At one time the flying squadron in these seas consisted of a 38-gun frigate and eight heavy sloops of war, besides smaller craft, and gun-boats innumerable. Our gun-brigs stood no chance whatever with them, and yet they were the principal vessels employed in conveying merchant-ships from England. In 1812, the depredations of these cruisers had increased to an extent that demanded attention; and in consequence of representations, the Dictator, 64, under the command of a very young but gallant Captain, J. P. S., was sent to look after them. He was well known to the Danes, having only a few months previous, in the *Sheldrake* sloop of war, committed sad havoc amongst the armament which had been expressly fitted out to recapture the Island of Anholt; his conduct on that occasion having obtained for him post rank.

It was on a fine summer afternoon that we were standing in for the land, with a pleasant breeze, an 18-gun brig in company (and were soon afterwards joined by two smaller vessels) when the look-out on the foretop-sail-yard hailed the deck, to say that he could see the mast-heads of several vessels over the high rocks of Mardoe. Every one was instantly on the alert—glasses were put in immediate requisition—officers (amongst whom was the Captain) hurried aloft, and it was soon ascertained that this was the enemy's squadron; their long bright red pennants flying out in bold relief against the dark granite of the mountains in the back-ground. Yes, there they lay at anchor, apparently in all the confidence of fancied security, laughing at the disappointed English out-side. Their long white taper top-gallant masts could be clearly distinguished above the huge mass of black rocks, and no doubt could be entertained, on account of the height of the spars above the rest, that one of them was the frigate *Nayaden*, and the others heavy sloops of war.

Here was work cut out for one who had never known what idleness or fear was, and who, rather than remain still, generally contrived to get into some kind of mischief, (such as filling rabbit-holes with gunpowder and blowing himself up). The Dictator was hove-to, and the Commanders of the brigs came on board; and then it was that Captain S. expressed his determination to run in and attack the Danish squadron; and an inquiry was made for a pilot competent to lead in. It so happened that there was a man in the *Podargus* 16-gun brig, who had been formerly for many years engaged in the Norway timber trade, and at one time was master of a ship, but the war and misfortunes had reduced him. He was impressed, and at that time acted as Quartermaster. He professed to have an accurate knowledge of the channel, with the exception of one particular part, respecting which he was doubtful. This was a flat of covered rock, only a few feet below the surface of the water, the marks for which he had either forgotten or had probably never known them.

The *Podargus* was appointed to lead; and the signals were made to "prepare for battle," and also to "get ready for anchoring with springs on the cables." It was near one bell of the second dog-watch that the sixty-four trimmed sails for the entrance, the others following the example. It was a glorious evening, and a delightful breeze along shore, so that we went in with the wind nearl on the larboard beam, and the water perfectly smooth. From the moment of filling, we could perceive that our motions were carefully watched by the enemy, who had hands aloft on the yards and in the cross-trees keeping a sharp look-out; but though they saw us standing boldly in for the land, they did not even then seem to suspect that a real attack was intended; nor was it till we were close to the rocks that their minds became suddenly enlightened, and then, with the utmost precipitation, they cut from their anchors, and spread a cloud of canvas to escape.

Those who were unacquainted with the precipitous character of the coast were puzzled to find anything like an opening amongst the huge masses of black granite that were everywhere frowning in promiscuous piles, as if thrown together by some powerful and gigantic struggle of nature; but suddenly the little brig shot into a chasm between two rugged rocks, that seemed scarcely wide enough for herself to get through, and many thought that the sixty-four must inevitably get jammed, like Jackson, if she attempted it. But Capt. S., who conned her herself, pushed resolutely on after his leader, keeping the ship so nicely in mid-channel that she never touched on either hand. Had she been only a few fathoms either on the one side or the other, she must have rubbed her copper against the rocks; as it was, the mainyard-arms, though the starboard-brace was hauled in, barely went clear. Once withinside and the channel widened, large insular rocks, nearly as high as the topmast cross-trees, rising to seaward, and mountains piled upon mountains, with sharp and craggy brows, lifting their heads into the clear heavens on the larboard hand, where here and there, sheltered by firs, in some sequestered nook, appeared a small nest of dwellings, or a single habitation.

As soon as we had rounded the inner point of the entrance we caught sight of the frigate and sloops, making all sail before the breeze; but whither they were steering to was a point no one could decide, for right ahead of them was a barrier of black jagged rocks, rising two or three hundred feet above the level of the ocean, and the white canvas of the squadron, as it aspired from the deck to the truck of each, had a strange and peculiar effect against the extreme depth of darkness in the distance, above which shone the clear bright heavens, glowing in the glorious tints of a summer sunset. It was a spectacle seldom witnessed, —perhaps never before, especially on such an occasion.

The helm was put up,—the yards were squared,—in obedience to the progress of our little leader, who had shot some space in advance, when in an instant she stood stock still, and we heard her Captain hailing to us, "Starboard, —starboard hard. We are on the rocks." This was exactly the spot concern-

ing which the Quartermaster of the brig had declared his ignorance; and by keeping too cautiously from the mainland, in order, as he hoped, to give it a wide berth, he run right slap upon it, and stuck fast. By promptly steering to port we escaped the danger, a boat was despatched for the pilot, who was soon on board, the gun-brig's signal was made to remain by ships in distress, and, accompanied only by the sloop-of-war,—I think the Calypso,—away went the Dictator in pursuit of the enemy, several batteries opening upon her as she proceeded.

One anecdote I well remember. Whilst threading the mazes of this intricate passage, a Scotchman, who had been up in the foretop, came down and informed the Boatswain,

"Eh, Ser, but there's a whole reg'ment of sojers just ayont that rock there,—lying in ambush to have a pop at us as we pass under them. I could see their furrer caps quite plain, bobbing above the ridge."

"Never mind, Saunders," replied old Pipes, "we'll tickle their wigs for them presently. Lend us a hand, Muster Morrison, just to slue the nine-pounder's breech round, and elevate the muzzle as high as you can. There, that ull do,—that ull do,—and there's grape and canister in it; for I saw it loaded myself."

Every eye on the forecable was directed towards the spot that the Scotchman had pointed out; and, sure enough, there was every now and then a bobbing about of heads, that disappeared again in an instant, and, but for their light hue, would not have been seen at all.

"Ech, there they are, sir," said the topman eagerly, "I wish you'd dislodge them, Mr. Morrison; for its no vera cannie to be aloft and knocked over like partridges."

"Stand by, Pipes," said Morrison, the Master's Mate, "blow the match—now—fire!"

The gun was well laid, the smoke curled above their heads, and the shot rattled amongst the rocks, when, to our surprise and merriment, instead of driving away a regiment of soldiers, we started a flock of sheep, that went off at full speed; and, as soon as the fact was known, a loud burst of laughter resounded fore and aft.

And now we were running along before the wind, with studding-sails set, between high and precipitous cliffs, past which the studding-sail-booms grazed on either side, but without being carried away. It was, indeed, a most strange passage, and the scenery, for wildness and grandeur, was such as I had never before beheld; nor can it be described in adequate language to convey a proper idea of the reality. The massive and rocky mountains,—abrupt and broken in almost every part,—dark and frowning below in the approaching twilight, yet gradually acquiring a deep blue tint, as ascending higher they caught the last rays of the declining sun, which touched the ridges on the summits with a border of gold. Amidst the intense deepness of shade across the sails of the pursued, and hanging amongst the rugged cliffs was the smoke from the guns of the ships and batteries, taking,—to a vivid imagination,—the undefined formation of light and restless spirits, desirous of a better home. Nor were the batteries the least picturesque part of the shifting panorama,—some were erected on lofty situations, where the glare of the Danish red-and-white ensign was subdued by the gorgeous splendour of the sky,—others were at the base of precipitous rocks, where the flag was sternly contrasted with the deep blue already mentioned, and we passed more than one or two ports, where from ten to twenty timber-ships were lying, taking in (under license) cargoes for our dockyards and arsenals in England, in each of which the Danish colours were flying, and every gun-boat—which, like mosquitoes in the West Indies, amounted to legions—displayed an ensign as a sort of prescriptive right to discharge a long 24-pounder at the sixty-four. How we escaped from being knocked into splinters is a mystery I have never been able to fathom. We had only thirty-six guns on our broadside, whilst frequently there could not have been less than treble that number fired simultaneously at the Dictator.

Great excitement, checked by cool discipline, prevailed amongst both officers and men as the ship gradually gained within a mile of the flying enemy, and discharging her broadsides at the forts and gun-boats, *en passant*. Captain S. was in his glory, and in the height of his gratification he could not refrain from passing a few practical jokes upon his officers, especially upon one who, from his slovenly habits, had acquired the soubriquet of "John Pig," some two or three years before in the Brazils.

The sun went down about three-quarters of an hour after our first entrance on this intricate navigation; but still the Danish squadron stood on under a press of canvas, and perseveringly, with every stitch she could well carry, the sixty-four followed. The breeze had died away, and sometimes in the chasms it was scarcely felt at all, so as to set the canvas to sleep; but the water was as still and as smooth as a mill-pond, except where between the openings in the outer rocks the gentle swell came rolling in, and then we could catch sight of the ocean, and the resplendent glow left by the departed luminary on the horizon. But it was the season of the year when in those latitudes there is but little night; and though in the abyss through which we were sailing, it was almost black, yet the sky above our heads was delightfully clear, shedding a crystalline light that was very beautiful. As the time progressed, and the darkness increased, the flashes from the guns produced something similar to the vivid darting of the electric fluid from a thunder cloud; whilst the rattling of the reports echoed and re-echoed from cliff to cliff, repeated amongst the cavities, and answered by the batteries, had a thrilling and curious effect.

It was somewhere between three or four bells, in the first watch, that after a chase of more than two hours and a half, during which we could not have run less than fourteen miles, the frigate and three brigs brought up in the creek of Lyngoe, where it formed a sort of small artificial basin, the entrance to which was so narrow, that the sixty-four having shoved her nose on to the shore, swung with her broadside to the enemy, and completely closed up the space. The enemy had anchored with springs upon their cables, and laid in such a position that the squadron alone brought fifty-four guns to bear upon us; whilst in a short time every interstice between the numerous rocky islets was filled with gun-boats, that it was next to impossible for us to get a shot at. They loaded under cover of the rocks; then just pulled out far enough to fire, and instantly retreated again.

We were within hail of the frigate, and the Danes certainly fought with great determination; but the very first discharge from the Dictator, steadily poured in, caused tremendous destruction amongst them, and battered down some small houses that were in a line beyond the squadron. As every vessel was at this time a fixture, there was no difficulty in pointing the metal; though the dense smoke prevented our seeing the enemy, except at intervals, when the eddy winds came whirling down the mountains and swept the vapour partially away. Never did Britons behave better than our brave fellows on that occasion; the odds were terribly against them; but their thoughts were fixed upon conquest, and upon nothing else: they resolved to sustain the supremacy of the English

colours against all odds. The Calypso had taken up a good position; and she did great execution amongst the gun-boats, whilst her 32-pounders told well at such a short distance from the squadron.

In little more than half an hour from grounding, the Nayaden was a complete wreck, and her men began rapidly to desert her; the colours were no longer visible either in the frigate or the brigs, and flames were seen ascending from the main-hatchway of the former. We ceased firing, the boats were manned, and sent to take possession, and to rescue as many of our opponents as possible from the horrible death which was threatening them. On very few occasions could there have been a more appalling sight than that which the deck of the frigate presented; her sides were nearly battered in: her bulwarks rent into splinters in almost every part; the feet plashed in pools of thick blood; and the dead and the dying in promiscuous heaps, met the eye at every turn; an uncontrollable conflagration was raging below, and the ship was sinking. The utmost exertions which humanity could prompt, were instantly called into operation, for the purpose of saving as many of the wounded as we could. The boats were filled and sent away; but it was impossible to remain long on board. She burnt with fury; and soon afterwards went down, carrying numbers with her into the grave of waters—sick, maimed, and expiring.

One of the prize brigs was also burnt, and another had taken fire; but after great labour and peril on the part of the Dictator's people, it was extinguished; and we now set to work getting the sixty-four afloat, which after accomplishing, we commenced warping out with our prizes into the fair way, when a fleet of gun-boats renewed the attack upon us, and kept up an incessant discharge of round, grape, and canister, that galled us severely. The Calypso sunk several; but still their numbers kept increasing, and at last we were compelled to land the Marines upon several of the rocks, behind which the Danes concealed themselves, and some smart volleys of musketry kept many of them in check.

By daybreak we had got pretty well out, when unfortunately the two prizes grounded and stuck fast: nor could any efforts get them afloat. Part of their crews, and many of the wounded were still on board of them, so that humanity forbade that they should be destroyed by fire; parole was therefore taken for the prisoners, and our hard-earned trophies were abandoned: but we had no sooner gained a convenient distance, than the guns of the brigs re-opened; but whether they were manned by their remaining crews or fresh hands from the row-boats, I have never ascertained; at all events, it was an ungrateful return for the lenity which had been shown. About half-past three of a most lovely morning, we were outside, clear of all, and turned-to, to repair damages. The continued shower of shot to which we had been so many hours exposed, it may naturally be supposed had made work for the carpenters, sail-makers, and riggers; but certainly it was nothing equal to what might have been expected, when it is considered that, upon a moderate calculation, upwards of 18,000 pounds weight of iron had been thrown at us with the most marked intention of perpetrating mischief. Nor was the Doctor idle; for besides the Danes, we had twenty-four Dictator's wounded, fifteen or sixteen of them very severely. The number killed was five—three seamen, a Marine, and a boy, whose remains were committed to the deep. The loss of the Danes in killed and wounded, could not have been less than 400: whilst the entire on our part, (the Dictator and brigs,) was nine killed, thirty-nine wounded, and two men missing, supposed to have fallen overboard. The Podargus and gun-brig (the latter commanded by as gallant a little fellow as ever lived, named England, under whom Capt S. when a boy received his first initiation to a naval life, and who was one of the Lieutenants of the Goliath at the battle of the Nile, and had previous to his present appointment, fought a brig upon the Danish coast till she went down under him,) had both got out about the same time as ourselves, but very much mauled, after seven hours' hard fighting. Thus terminated a Night Brush on the Coast of Norway; but we afterwards learned that many of the gun-boats had been manned by the crews of the licensed timber-ships destined for England.

LAURA WILLOUGHBY.

BY THE PORTRAIT PAINTER.

Amongst the numerous loose sketches which have found their way into my portfolio, there is one, which, though in no way remarkable in itself, I can never look upon without a feeling of melancholy. It is not my own work, but was given to me many years ago by an old painter, under whom I studied for some months previous to entering on my own professional career. It is the design for a half length female portrait, and represents a lady seated under a spreading tree, the head of a magnificent setter-dog resting on her lap. The lady's face is rather pretty, and very youthful; and the artist has thrown a careless grace into the attitude, and an expression of innocent happiness into the clear blue eyes, that make it very life-like. Still, it is merely a sketch, and the face has plenty of prototypes in every ball-room and boarding-school. But there is a history attached to the original of that sketch—a strange, sad history, which invests it with a fearful interest. He from whose pencil it proceeded, knew the actors in that dire tragedy well; and though years had elapsed since its terrible consummation, he ever spoke of it with the shuddering horror with which he might have related an occurrence of yesterday. So often, indeed, did he allude to it, that it seems to me as if I had myself known the parties concerned; and if, in rehearsing its events, I speak as if they had taken place under my own observation, it will only prove what a vivid impression has been made on my mind and memory by their very recital.

There was never a marriage that gave more satisfaction to the friends of the principal parties, than that of Stephen Willoughby, of Willoughby Manor, to Laura, third daughter of Sir Edward Thornhill. To the bridegroom's immediate relatives, a widowed mother and two maiden aunts, it was gratifying that the only scion of their house should marry—particularly gratifying in his case—for various reasons. In the first place, he was already on the shady side of thirty, and becoming so deeply tinged with old bachelor fastidiousness, that it seemed doubtful if he would ever marry at all. Secondly, the bride, though portionless, was of good family, tolerably pretty, and reported very amiable; and your fastidious people, when they do marry, not unfrequently form alliances, more extraordinary than pleasing in the eyes of their affectionate relatives. Lastly, his wife would probably act as a check on a somewhat erratic disposition, which prompted him to spend much of his time in foreign travel, which his mother, who doted on her son, exceedingly disapproved of.

On the part of the lady's family, there were even more cogent reasons for being well satisfied. Sir Edward Thornhill had a hopeful family of four daughters and two extravagant sons, no small incumbrances on an already embarrassed estate. Laura, though rather pretty, was by no means so beautiful as her sisters. Lady Thornhill observed, that the others were sure to make good matches some day, but Laura's was considered a very doubtful case. Then she was a giddy girl, according to the report of her mamma and the governess; and it was delightful to have her placed early under the protection of so

steady and sensible a man as Mr. Willoughby was esteemed to be. He had met her in some of his wanderings at the house of a mutual friend, where she had been permitted to spend a week, untrammelled by her governess or her elder sisters. He had been struck by her simplicity, her prettiness, her unaffected gaiety: in fact he had fallen in love with her, without very well knowing why or wherefore: had followed her home—been most hospitably received—proposed for her—and married her—all within three months after their first interview! To the bride of seventeen, it seemed that she was under the enchantment of a dream, when she found herself in all the glories of lilac satin pelisse, hat and feathers, and a Brussels veil—rolling northwards as fast as four horses could carry her, on her way to the Lakes, “whither,” as the newspapers formally announced, “the happy pair had proceeded to spend the honeymoon.”

The “happy pair” were really very happy, though the strings of their felicity were somewhat different. Willoughby's love was mingled with the proud satisfaction of feeling he had won something of a prize, for such he considered the young and unsophisticated creature whom he had that morning made his own. He was framing to himself a thousand schemes for their future manner of life, and he was imagining all the secret good qualities and faculties which were yet to unfold in his Laura's character, under his own fostering care. She was to become a perfect pattern of a wife in his hands. He supposed, because her manners were artless, and different from those of the artificial society in which he had heretofore mixed, that he had found a model of purity, innocence, and simplicity, which yet, with judicious training, would expand into an admirable woman. He had talked to her sometimes on his favourite themes of poetry, of philosophy, of science; and because her sweet blue eyes had looked up wonderingly in his face, he thought their glance bespoke silent admiration; and because she had assented to all his opinions, and disapproved of all he differed from, he fancied that he beheld the workings of a superior mind, just opening to a consciousness of its powers, awakening, as it were, from the sleep of its childhood. He had always wished to marry, but his morbid fastidiousness had hitherto stood in his way. He had flirted, and sentimentalized, and half-loved, amongst the beautiful, the proud, the gifted: but ever and anon, some revealing of petty vanity, or undue haughtiness, or mortal weakness, had scared away his affection just as it was about to settle; and year after year his quest seemed to grow more and more hopeless. Therefore, when Laura Thornhill appeared, and his hasty decision was made, it was a relief to feel that he was committed beyond the power of retraction, and that his wandering mind must now abide by its choice.

Laura was perhaps even happier in her own way, though her thoughts were very differently employed. Too childish to understand the solemn responsibilities of a wife, too ignorant to perceive how far her future happiness was in her power, she felt a girlish exultation in the mere fact of being a bride. She was naturally too good-natured to experience any thing like malicious triumph in the idea of being married, and married well, before either of the beautiful elder sisters whose whole souls and schemes during the last five or six years had been directed towards the attainment of a similar object; but still it was a pleasant feeling that she could not now be left on hand; that she, on whom her mother had least speculated—who had been daily reproved for awkwardness, and always dressed in a far less expensive style than the belles of the family—should have escaped the long lectures on mismanagement and imprudence, so often delivered even to her more attractive sisters, and which in her case she felt would have been ten times more severe. They, the fair Alicia and Juliana, were tall, finely-formed girls, with rich masses of chestnut brown hair, chiselled features, and manners polished to the very last gloss of perfection. She was a small, slight creature, with a delicately fair skin, it is true, and a pair of very pretty blue eyes, but without any regularity of feature; with a nose that was neither Grecian, nor Roman, nor aquiline; with teeth which, though white, were far from even, and with hair which, inclining to red, could scarcely, by the utmost stretch of charity, be denominated auburn, whilst it obstinately refused to be braided, or *Madonned*, or smoothed into any fashionable form whatsoever. A most hopeless subject had mamma always considered her: and to be away from sighs over her deficiencies, and reproaches for her unformed manners; to have risen at once from the giggling insignificance of a mere school girl, to the dignity of a wedded wife; to wear what she pleased; to have a maid of her own whom nobody dared to call away in the midst of her toilette; and to be coveted and looked up to as the future chaperone of sisters and cousins amongst whom she had hitherto been nobody—oh! it was too much happiness, and she sate sobbing beside her husband in a transport of delight too great for utterance. How little was Willoughby aware of the thoughts that were passing in bright confusion through her mind! What rare sensibility did he give her credit for! what deep home affection! what feminine delicacy! If he had loved her before their marriage, he was disposed to worship her now.

The honeymoon was over, passed as honeymoons frequently are, much rapture at first, a great deal of sight-seeing, and during the last week an unacknowledged sense of weariness, and an increasing, though secret, longing to be at home and amongst friends again. Mr. and Mrs. Willoughby were to make the manor house their residence until the commencement of the London season, and thither they repaired, Sir Edward and Lady Thornhill, with their two elder daughters, and the usual members of Mrs. Willoughby's family being there to receive them: a succession of visiting, and the reception of a great deal of company, occupied them fully for some weeks; and during that time Willoughby was really surprised at the rapid improvement which appeared to be taking place in his wife. She looked prettier than he had ever hoped she would; her manners became more womanly and fashionable, and her gay, good humour made her the life of their circle. Willoughby grew prouder of her as he saw her admired by others, and a thousand times did he congratulate himself on the taste and penetration which had enabled him to choose a wife so wisely. What delight he promised himself in the development of her mind when their domestic life should really begin. Alas! he saw but the surface. He did not perceive that Laura was merely improved in outward circumstances—that handsome dresses and glittering ornaments set off her face and figure—that prosperity and the gaiety in which they lived kept her in perpetual good humour—and that her manners had merely caught a reflection from those around her. He had yet to find out how completely vanity was establishing its empire in her soul, and that her light and unimpressible mind remained as vacant as ever. She was happy, but he was not the mainspring of her happiness. He was already second in her affections to the toys with which he had surrounded her. The party assembled at Willoughby Manor at length dispersed, and the master and mistress of the mansion were left to themselves. Willoughby had looked forward to this season of quietness as the time when he should taste the first draught of real domestic happiness, and enjoy without interruption the society of his beloved Laura. It did not take long to destroy the illusion he had so fondly cherished. Laura was no longer uniformly cheerful. She had fits of nerves and vapours which had not entered into his calculations. She was not always ready to walk or read with him when he wished

it; indeed the very sight of a book was often sufficient to give her a headache. For conversation, when carried beyond the merest gossip, he soon found she had no relish; and he could not teach her his favourite game of chess, no, not even the moves. Before six weeks of their seclusion had gone by, the whole truth had become plain to him: he had married a doll, whilst he hoped he was securing an intelligent companion; he had united himself to a mere girl, who had neither depth of feeling, superiority of intellect, or strength of character.

Bitter was his disappointment, and rendered ten times more severe by the secret consciousness that he had been his own deceiver. He had mistaken Laura's natural buoyancy of spirit for the sparkling on the surface of an inexhaustible mine of wit and imagination. He had supposed that the attention with which she had listened when he spoke on subjects beyond the reach of her comprehension, proceeded from a real wish to be instructed. He was not aware that from the day of his first visit at the Thornhills, Laura had been taught to look on him as a prize which it was her bounden duty to secure if possible, and that she had been desired not to contradict him on any point, but to pay the utmost deference to every opinion he expressed. This was all easy enough. Laura had no particular opinion on any subject of higher importance than the colour of a ribbon, or the fashion of a gown, and these then seemed matters below Mr. Willoughby's notice. But he now found, to his cost, that the gentle listener, who looked approbation of every sentence he uttered before their union, could be as obstinate as any one in upholding her own opinion when he ventured to interfere in any trifling matter within the sphere of her own personal concerns.

Nothing annoyed Willoughby more than her pertinacity on these occasions, and he was angry with himself for being annoyed, for of what real consequence could it be to him whether Laura wore white or blue, or whether her album was bound in purple silk or crimson morocco?—of none in the world, and yet he hated to be contradicted, and he argued within himself, it did matter that she should yield obedience to his wishes in small things as well as great. In fact, before four months of their married life had past, Laura looked on Willoughby as almost a tyrant, and he set her down as little better than a stubborn simpleton. Still there was a lingering feeling on the part of both which confined the evidences of their anger to the kindling eye, the flushing cheek, and a constrained politeness of speech, whilst each clung vehemently to their own view of the matter in dispute, whatever it might be. But one day they quarrelled outright, and poor Willoughby had the satisfaction of seeing his lady in a violent passion. It was merely the rage of a child, ending in a flood of tears and sobs, and a few hours' sulkeness; had it partaken of the grand and terrible order of passion he would probably have respected her more. But luckily the storm had arisen only two days before they were to set out for London, a circumstance which was highly favorable to its early clearing up, inasmuch as the expected journey occupied the foremost place in Laura's thoughts and wishes. The day after the quarrel there was no trace of its existence in the blue eyes and dimpled cheeks of the youthful wife; she did not even seem to think that a formal reconciliation was required, nor did she love Willoughby one whit the more or less on account of it. Her father and mother quarrelled sometimes, and so did many of their friends, and she seemed to consider it in the light of an inevitable circumstance, which had to be gone through like any other domestic duty.

Willoughby did not so easily forget it; he felt as if the last vestiges of his happiness were melting away before his eyes, and in his jaundiced view of the case his wife seemed a being alike devoid of any sense of duty or tenderness of feeling. He sate listening to her frivolous tattle as to what they should first do when they reached town, and whom they should visit, and whether they should be asked to Lady L.'s or Lady D.'s, and what she should wear on those important occasions, until he was nearly mad with impatience and vexation.

Had Mr. Willoughby been really judicious, he might yet, by a prudent course of conduct, have left himself little to regret in his marriage. Though he had failed in obtaining an intellectual wife, he might, perhaps, have moulded a tolerably amiable one out of the young and wayward creature to whom he had united himself. Laura belonged to that class of women who may be pretty well managed by a kind though firm treatment, but who are roused into open rebellion by anything like harshness, or the appearance of contempt for the inferiority of their understandings. Unfortunately, Mr. Willoughby had now acquired this contempt for his wife's mental qualifications, and was little disposed to consult either her taste or judgment on any occasion whatever; thereby exciting in her weak and ill-regulated mind a feeling akin to thorough dislike.

They arrived in London, however, and the various engagements and amusements which occupied their time left little opportunity for private bickerings. Indeed, Willoughby began to think in a week or two that Laura really was becoming less childish and fretful. She was once more gay and good-humored, and played her part in society very creditably. She had a great facility in catching something of the manner and style of conversation of those with whom she associated, without appearing a downright copyist, and the society into which her husband introduced her was of a very superior kind, including not only the noble and the wealthy, but a considerable number of the gifted of the land. She was making considerable progress in her return to Willoughby's favour, when he saw one day, with an actual thrill of delight at his heart, that she was perusing, with apparent interest, a book of a very superior class to any he had hitherto been able to induce her to read. He took the book from her hand for a moment, despite a faint effort on her part to retain it, and laid the momentary flush, that crossed her features as she relinquished it, to the account of the gratification she must feel at having her studies noticed and approved. He did not observe the name inscribed on the fly-leaf of the volume, and even had he done so, it is improbable that he would have attached any importance to the fact of who the owner of the book might chance to be.

Mrs. Willoughby did not stand on the very highest step of the ladder of fashion. There were many young married belles more courted, more copied, more admired than she—but she had flatterers enough to keep up a perpetual dutter of vanity in her mind, and sufficient taste and tact to dress becomingly, and make herself most agreeable. Her house was an extremely pleasant one to visit. There you were sure to meet somebody worth meeting, or hear something worth hearing; and while her parties were free from the pedantic solemnity of mere literary reunions, or the cold inanity of extreme exclusiveness, they were sufficiently refined and intellectual. Though Willoughby was not in Parliament himself, he took a deep and earnest interest in the politics of the time, and delighted to number amongst his companions those whose position permitted them to take an active part in them. Though not the most distinguished of this class of his friends, perhaps the one who was personally most endeared to him, was Horace Selby—they had been school-fellows and friends in their boyhood, and fellow-travellers during their first foreign tour. On their return to England, circumstances had separated them, but they had maintained an oc-

casual correspondence, and it gave them both sincere pleasure to renew their friendly intercourse in town. Willoughby thought he had never seen any one so much changed for the better as his friend. From a clever, but dreamy, and somewhat indolent youth, he had sprung into a thinking and active man; not, indeed, the leader of his party, but one of its best supporters, a bold and eloquent speaker, an able and polished writer. It was strange he could command so many hours in each day for walking and talking with Willoughby, and for lingering in his wife's boudoir. It is true, Willoughby was scarcely aware of the extent of these latter lingerings. They were daily—they were prolonged—and yet, not more than twice or thrice a week did Mrs. Willoughby say, with a careless air—"Oh, I had almost forgotten that Mr. Horace Selby called on me this morning."

"Called this morning!" And he had been sitting at her work-table for hours, long before any other visitor could venture to appear, talking with such magic power as belonged to him alone—speaking of common-place things, things within the compass of her very moderate capacity—yet, investing everything he touched upon with a light and poetry it had never worn before, and gradually uplifting that unstable mind of hers, by the very strength of his own, to something like thought and imagination! She would sit listening to his description of some foreign scene, or some new achievement in art or science, till her embroidery would lie idly on her knee, and her clear blue eyes would be fixed on his eloquent face (for every feature of Horace Selby's face was eloquent,) until their glance met his. Then the swift blush would suffuse her countenance, as she hurriedly resumed her employment—and as Horace Selby looked upon her, he wondered in his heart if the most beautiful woman was ever lovelier. Yes—he, too, was deceived; he, too, gave her credit for those mental qualities whereof she possessed not one iota—and her infantine prettiness, and winning manners, were fast beguiling him of his heart and happiness.

Horace Selby was not an unprincipled man, or a scoundrel, as the world goes. He would have shrunk with horror from the idea of harboring a thought injurious to the honor of his friend—and on his first acquaintance with Laura Willoughby, he had not the remotest apprehension of the possibility of danger. She seemed altogether too trifling and uninformed to interest him. But one unlucky day Selby called just at the conclusion of some dispute between Laura and her husband, which had terminated, as usual, in a flood of tears from the lady, and an angry exit on the part of the gentleman.

Laura was preparing to quit the drawing-room, just as Selby entered by an opposite door, and he divined at once that she was in sorrow, and the cause of that sorrow. She neither spoke nor bowed, but she turned towards him one sad appealing look, and though it was but the vision of a moment, Horace never forgot that sorrowful face, so fair, and so childlike in its grief.

On the foundation of this unwonted apparition he quickly formed a theory of his own. That Stephen Willoughby and his young wife did not live happily he had long suspected, and here was confirmation of the suspicion. He fancied that the fault must be Willoughby's, for he was often moody and gloomy, even in society—whilst Laura was always the same smiling, and apparently cheerful being—and Selby felt much inclined to charge the defective temper of Willoughby as the cause of their disagreements. He saw, too, the ill-disguised contempt with which Willoughby regarded his wife's understanding, and he was disposed to believe that her frivolity arose from the want of proper encouragement being bestowed on the higher powers of her mind. He pitied her—he wished he could aid her—he made her aware, ay, without a word—of the interest she had excited in him, and before three months had passed, Laura Willoughby and Horace Selby were friends. That they were lovers was perhaps too much to say; yet Horace could not help owning to himself that Laura interested him more than any other woman had ever done; and Laura could not forbear sighing as she contrasted his attentions, his indulgence, and his respectful deference to herself, with the conduct of her own husband. If an uneasy misgiving as to the state of his own feelings ever crossed Selby's mind, he quieted his conscience with the idea that he was going abroad in a few weeks on important business, and that it was scarcely worth while to deprive himself during the short time he remained in town of the solace of Mrs. Willoughby. The fact was, however, strange it may seem, that so talented and courted a personage should have become so enthralled; he had fallen madly, desperately in love with the girlish wife of his friend, and it was in the teeth of fifty wise resolves that she should never be aware of the passion she had inspired, that the truth burst forth in all its fatal radiance on the very day of his departure. Yes, his lips told her, in wild and broken accents, that he loved her, and wildly were they stamped on those that did not resist that pressure, as he clasped her to his bosom in a farewell embrace—so it was they parted. Well had it been if they had never met again! As soon as Horace Selby had left the house, Laura fled to her dressing-room, locked the door, and then sat down and cried heartily. Any one to have seen her at that moment would have supposed she had just become aware of some tremendous calamity, which had crushed her happiness at once and for ever. Far otherwise was the fact. She was heartily sorry for Horace Selby's departure, for he had amused and excited her; nay, she was now very sure she loved him. She felt also something like shame for the manner in which she had received his unguarded avowal, to which her conscience told her she had no right to listen for a moment. But then there was present a gleam of secret satisfaction, whose spring was gratified vanity, and she thought within herself, that if Horace *did* love her, he was more to be pitied than blamed. He could not help it; and now he was gone, no one would know anything of the matter, and his passion could injure no one but himself. Then a knock at the room door caused her to start, and dry up her tears, and in ten minutes more she was in deep consultation with her maid and her milliner, and much puzzled by the problem, whether primrose crape, or pale blue satin would form the prettiest *chapeau*, wherein to appear at a morning *fete champêtre*. Day after day brought its own round of amusement and occupation, and by degrees the image of Horace Selby grew fainter and fainter in her memory, until an event occurred that threatened to banish it altogether.

She became a mother—the mother of a little girl, who, in old phrase, "brought its love with it." Surely there is no mind so light, no heart so insensible, as not to be in some degree solemnized and elevated, when called on to exercise that holliest affection, a mother's love. Even Mrs. Willoughby seemed inclined to forget her finery, her fashionable acquaintance, and all the follies that had hitherto occupied her mind, and to give herself up, heart and soul, to the nurture and society of her child. It was truly a noble babe—uniting the delicate skin and blue eyes of the mother, with something of Willoughby's commanding features. If the mother were altered by the arrival of the little stranger, so was the father. He seemed to take far less interest in politics and literature, than in dandling his infant daughter, and the hearts so sadly disunited, seemed to meet in purer affection than they had ever yet known, over the cradle of that beautiful child. Much of his early love for Laura seemed to revive; he rejoiced to see her under the hallowing influence of strong natural affection, devoting herself to something better than dress and dissipa-

tion, and he inly vowed, as he gazed on the fair face and well-developed forehead of his infant, that all that careful training could do, should be done to rear her in a thinking and feeling woman.

Mrs. Willoughby recovered from her confinement very slowly, and her delicate health increased her husband's solicitude on her account. Two years passed away, and Laura, though suffering from no positive illness, was still considered an invalid, and was so much delighted to be petted and cared for—to be taken to watering-places in summer, and tended like a hot-house plant in winter—that she did not very greatly regret the loss of the brilliant parties to which she was forbidden by her "medical men" to go. She had always loved to be a person of consequence; and it was consequential to tell her mother and sisters (but one of whom had yet married, and that not so splendidly as had been anticipated) that Sir—this, and Dr. the other, had forbidden her rooms and excitement, and recommended her to be kept as quiet as possible. The medical *taboo*, however, did not extend to the reception of a few select friends at home; and here the mistress of the mansion was sure of a share of attention that was exceedingly gratifying to a mind like hers.

Another child was born to her—another daughter; and though Willoughby felt some secret disappointment that it was *only* a daughter, he tried to be content, and to welcome the little stranger as warmly as her elder sister. The birth of this infant seemed to have a restorative effect on the health of its youthful mother, who was now declared by the before mentioned medical oracles to be "stronger than she had been for years." She was therefore relieved from the prohibition which had so long exiled her from the gay world, and, just as she re-entered it, Horace Selby returned from abroad.

He returned with feelings subdued and chastened by time, fully prepared to find Mrs. Willoughby with blanched cheek and sunken eye, prematurely withering for love of—himself. He was prepared to see her thus—to bear the sight without betraying his passion and his self reproach, and to be exceedingly heroic. He found her the smiling mother of two thriving children, well in health, and with a look of serene happiness about her, which her fondest well-wishers had hardly hoped to see, and in spite of his efforts to be glad, he was disappointed, piqued, and mortified. If she had been ill and unhappy, he would not have been surprised; and he had prepared a proper proportion of pity and self-upbraiding to meet the case; but for the actual state of things he had no course of conduct or feeling ready. She was certainly prettier, more graceful, and fully as youthful as ever; for the comparative seclusion of her life had preserved her complexion from the sallow and faded tint which dissipation almost invariably bestows early on its votaries. She was really a fond mother too; and the active exercise of any strong affection gives an increased intelligence to the countenance: to hers it was a marvellous improvement. Once more Horace Selby was admitted into the sanctuary of Mr. Willoughby's home, on the intimate footing which their long acquaintance seemed to warrant. Once more he looked familiarly on Mrs. Willoughby's fair face, and as he looked he sighed.

Her behaviour in his presence completely puzzled him. She met him with as little embarrassment, as cloudless a brow, as if he had never bent in worship before her, as if his wild words of farewell had never been spoken, his impassioned kiss given and returned. The past might have been a dream of his own imagination, for any sign of remembrance which she displayed. Day after day she talked to him of her children, her health, the scandal of the hour, or the last new novel, with as much indifference as if they had never been more than the merest acquaintance. He did not understand it; he could not believe that this ease and prudence of manner were genuine. But if not, what an accomplished actress had Laura become! He was resolved to arrive at the truth, whatever the knowledge should cost him.

For the first time they were alone—at least no one but the children was present—the younger slumbering on a cushion at its mother's feet, the elder busied amongst her playthings. They were sitting, too, on the very spot where they had interchanged that passionate farewell. Yet Laura was talking on in her usual style—no matter of *what*—for sweet as her voice and graceful as her manner might be, she seldom said any thing particularly worth recording. But Horace Selby scarcely heard her; his thoughts were with the past; and at length, as if thinking aloud, he said in a low vexed tone—"And so you have forgotten all our meetings, and our last parting in this very place!" She checked her prattle at once; the smile died on her lip; her face turned first red, then pale; and, not daring to lift her eyes to his, she murmured—"No, no! let us never speak of it again!"

Six months had passed away, and again Horace Selby was almost a daily guest in Mrs. Willoughby's boudoir; but not as before, unobserved and unheeded. Jealousy had been awakened in Willoughby's mind. He conceived that Horace Selby had robbed him of even the limited affection Laura had bestowed on him; and that as her fancy or prepossession (he would not dignify it with the name of *love*) for Selby increased, her regard for himself diminished. He had so long looked on her as a mere frivolous puppet, whose narrow love or hatred scarcely signified a straw, that the loss of such attachment as hers seemed scarcely worth a regret. But she had a power in her hands of which her folly could not divest her; she could disgrace him, she could make him a mark for the scorn of men, could bring dishonor on his name, and infamy on the heads of his innocent children; and when the thought of such possibility passed through his mind, he felt as if he were going distracted.

He dreaded an open rupture with his wife. She was not sensible enough to be argued with or advised; and he saw that to breathe a word of his suspicion to herself would probably drive her from her home, and hasten the very catastrophe he dreaded. On the other hand, were his fears groundless, he knew that he should become an object of abhorrence to her friends and relatives, for he felt assured no motive of forbearance or prudence would prevent her proclaiming aloud how unjustly she had been suspected. He, therefore, subjected her to a strict though secret surveillance. Though she was unconscious of it at the time, her walks, her drives, her every movement were watched. She scarcely wrote a note or letter of which Willoughby did not know the purport; she seldom received one that had not passed through his hands. The first thing that made her aware of the system of espionage under which she lived, was the fact that she and Selby were now never left alone for one instant. To tell the truth, she had formed no particular plan as to what was to be the consequence of the more than friendship that was now mutually avowed between them, and Horace Selby had never treated her but with the utmost respect. He asked no favor but to be near her; he never had hinted at her leaving her husband's home to find refuge with him. But when the truth came upon her mind that she was an object of suspicion, when she ascertained that for weeks Willoughby had each night locked the door of a gallery leading to her apartments, when she found she was virtually a prisoner at large, her anger and mortification knew no bounds—a vague but strengthening desire for revenge stole into her mind—she did not possess enough of the consciousness of innocence to urge her to seek her husband's presence, and bitterly upbraided him

for his injurious treatment; but, looking on herself as the object of unheard-of insult, she resolved that the time of vengeance, if ever it came, should not pass quietly by.

Though Mr. Willoughby was a man of considerably property, his income was not by any means so ample as that of many persons moving in the same sphere of life with himself; and some improvements, effected at a considerable expense, on his country estates, together with some losses connected with an unfortunate speculation in which he had been induced to join, had so far crippled his means as to render something like economy necessary in his arrangements for a year or two, if serious embarrassment was to be avoided. His allowance of ready money to Laura was, therefore, not quite so large as it had been, though sufficient to supply all her reasonable wants; and this reduction in her finances piqued and annoyed her. Now she resolved, that if money were withheld from her she would use the credit that was sure to be allowed her as Mr. Willoughby's wife; and looking forward only to his vexation when the bills she incurred should be presented to him, she resolutely shut her eyes against the prospect of his anger towards herself.

Woe to the woman who stoops to use deceit in any matter; double and trouble was to her who practises that deceit upon her husband. How can her happiness be complete if his be imperfect? How can her interest be served when she would disserve it from his own? The wife who extravagantly expends that money which her husband can ill afford to part with—who teases or coaxes him into expenses which his better judgment tells him will eventually lead to debt and difficulty, must, indeed, be blinded by the petty triumph of having gained her point, if she does not perceive that she is shaking her own domestic peace to the very foundation. But ever worse than this is the conduct of the woman who, shielded by her own legal irresponsibility, ventures to use the name of her husband in obtaining articles which she knows he would be neither able nor willing to purchase for her if asked to do so. Oh, I could write a chapter on the mean and paltry arts to which women—ladies by station, by fortune, and by education—have stooped in order to possess themselves of a handsome dress, a richer shawl, or a more expensive bauble than their husbands could be induced to buy for them. Nay, they have even condescended to accept the connivance of their tradesmen in such matters. The articles they have procured for their own selfish gratification have been charged in the bill at the limit set by the prudence of their husbands, whilst the surplus of the real price was divided on the various items of family and household necessaries. Yes, such things have been and are. Sincerely do I trust no fair cheek may redden, no feminine heart rise in unwilling self-accusation, at the perusal of this passage. If, my fair reader, you have been tempted by vanity or any other feeling in acts like these, I beseech you never to repeat the offence. Imagine with what feelings your husband would regard you, should he by any means discover the deception you have been guilty of. Think how completely you place yourself in the power of others; for how can you be assured of the fidelity and secrecy of those you are compelled to make your confidants? How can you retain any shadow of self-respect, while you are in the habit of practising such degrading artifices? Consider all these things, I beseech you, and let this warning—an unexpected one, perhaps, in the midst of a tale like this—be indeed, a "word spoken in due season."

It is true that Mrs. Willoughby did not descend to such low cunning as I have been speaking of. Her object was to be revenged, and her personal gratification was a secondary consideration. At every opportunity she contracted debts for things which, in many instances, were scarcely looked at, but thrown aside almost as soon as they entered her apartments. For some time Willoughby said very little on the subject. He made no remark, but paid the bills as they were presented to him, simply treating his wife with increased coldness and hauteur. But at last an account made its appearance, filled with a list of articles so useless, and so evidently obtained to irritate and annoy him, that Willoughby could no longer forbear giving utterance to the bitter and angry feelings which had been so long fermenting in his heart. His jealous suspicions, too, were plainly proclaimed to her; and she was commanded to retire to her own apartments, and remain there during her husband's pleasure. This was more than Laura had calculated upon. She had expected to be upbraided, and was provided with numerous tart and caustic replies, wherewith to bear her part in the battle which she foresaw must take place. But to be silenced at once, crushed as it were by his anger, and treated as a prisoner and a criminal—this she was not prepared for. Taking advantage of the solitude in which she was left for some hours, she managed to pencil a note to Selby, which—heaven alone knows how—she managed to have conveyed to him that very evening. It contained a picture of her sufferings and her husband's cruelty, drawn in such vivid colours as an angry woman, no matter how dull her intellect may generally be, is never at a loss to supply. It implored Horace Selby's advice and assistance, as her "best, her kindest, her only friend."

By the same mysterious conveyance by which her note had reached his hands, an answer was transmitted to her on the following day. It was filled with expressions of devoted attachment, and entreated "that she would not hesitate to leave a house where she was no longer treated as its mistress, and to trust in the protection of one who would ever acknowledge her as the idol and queen of his affections."

A few moments' deliberation, a passing thought of her little children, a retreat from the influence of that thought into the fortress of her pride and resentment, and her doom was sealed.

It was midnight, all was still throughout the house, when a light figure, wrapped in a large shawl, stole noiselessly down the steps that led from the kitchen to the area. All had been carefully arranged for Laura's flight. Money and fair speeches had bribed one of the servants into Selby's interest, and keys, similar to those of the doors through which Mrs. Willoughby had to pass, had been provided for her. Her heart was in a tremor of apprehension, hope, excitement. She passed the last door—she glided out into the silent street, and was caught—not in the embrace of Horace Selby, but in the grasp of her husband!

Not a word was spoken—he drew her back into the house, re-fastened the door, and leading—not dragging her along, for she made no resistance—he conducted her to her dressing-room—pushed her in—and she heard the key turned in the lock. She neither screamed nor wept, but sunk down on the floor stunned and insensible.

Ten years had passed away. Horace Selby was absent from England, and almost forgotten in that circle of which he had once been the centre and life. Laura was forgotten too, or only remembered as "that poor Mrs. Willoughby." The fit in which she had been found on the morning after the fatal night of her intended elopement, had ended in long and severe illness, and a partial deprivation of reason. Neither mother, nor sister, nor friend, nor even a doctor, was permitted to see her, except in her husband's presence; and though her bodily health was after some time restored in a measure, Willoughby would never allow her to be treated or spoken of as if she were able to leave her own apartments. By the world he was considered the pattern of an atten-

tive husband, while, in fact, he was devoting his life to prevent the possibility of the cause of her confinement being known. He was, in fact, her gaoler; her children were seldom allowed to see her; but Willoughby had neither time nor inclination now to carry out the scheme of superior education he had originally designed for them, and which he had once fondly hoped to have superintended. They were early handed over to the tender mercies of an English maid and a French governess, and grew up just such girls as might have been expected, with beautiful persons, showy accomplishments, elegant manners, and principles—a blank. Oh, there was a fearful wreck of happiness in that family-circle—a tangled and infertile wilderness, where there should have been a fair and fruitful garden. But Willoughby's prime object was gained—public disgrace and exposure were avoided; and if any one suspected that Laura had ever swerved from the fidelity of a wife, the report of that suspicion never reached Willoughby's ears. Years after it was found that some had more than guessed it, but it was never openly spoken of, and no shade of dishonour rested on the heads of her daughters when they took their places amongst the fair and noble of the land.

Augusta Willoughby was seventeen, far more beautiful than ever her mother had been, with a strength of intellect seldom allotted to a woman; with manners, whose faultless ease and dignity fitted her to take her station with the noblest, and with pride enough for a sovereign princess. She entered the great world under the auspices of her godmother, the fashionable Lady Lepington. In six months more the papers announced that "a marriage was on the tapis between the Earl of C——, and the lovely and accomplished daughter of Stephen Willoughby, Esq.; and then it was that the usually passive mother ventured to prefer a request—"May I—oh! may I not be present at the marriage of my child?"

The petition was refused, and alas! the refusal was accompanied by useless reproaches. She was asked if she thought herself worthy to sit at the same table with her young and innocent daughter, and told that a blessing could scarcely attend a marriage polluted by her presence. She made no reply at the time, and Willoughby thought that, like many other of his upbraidings, the taunt had passed away, and left no impression on her mind. But the mother was touched in this instance, and the case was different.

The guests were assembled; the marriage feast was spread. The beautiful bride, now pale as marble, now blushing crimson, was about to retire to change her rich robe of white satin and Brussels lace for a more suitable travelling costume, and her father was beginning to return thanks to one of the party who had proposed the better health of the absent Mrs. Willoughby, when a servant, breathless and terrified, rushed into the room, and gasping forth, "My mistress—oh! my mistress," sank swooning on the floor. All started up, and Willoughby flew towards Laura's chamber, followed by most of the guests.

Yes; all was over. On the threshold of her own room lay the bleeding and lifeless form of Laura Willoughby. The blood was slowly welling from two or three deep gashes in her throat and neck, and her white wrapping gown and cap were stained with crimson. A small penknife, still grasped in her stiffening hand, had evidently been the instrument with which she had committed the awful deed. She had probably left her room under the influence of feverish excitement, and the sounds of merriment from below—their cause—and the remembrance that her own fatal folly had made her this day as an outcast and an alien in her husband's house; all these had conspired to destroy the faint remains of self-control in her weak and disturbed mind. Many there were who, taking the circumstances of her death in connection with some expressions to which Willoughby in his horror gave utterance, had a strong suspicion of the truth; but still the world at large knew little of the matter. Mrs. Willoughby's mental aberration was referred to causes purely physical, and the coroner's jury found a verdict of "temporary derangement."

It was thought not unlikely that Mr. Willoughby would marry again, especially after the nuptials of his youngest daughter, which took place about eighteen months after her mother's death. But he resisted all the allurements of the various fascinating widows and ladies of a certain age, who thought themselves exactly suitable to act as his consolers, and remained a widower to the end of a somewhat protracted life.

Horace Selby only survived Laura a few years. He died abroad and unmarried. The bitter self-upbraiding that seized him on hearing of Laura's decease, which he was fully persuaded arose entirely from her love for himself, gave a shock to his health and spirits from which he never recovered. He wrote a very long letter to Willoughby previous to his death, and it is certain that it reached its destination, but unfortunately for the curious reader, its contents have not transpired.

Dublin University Magazine.

ELLISTONIANA.

BY W. T. MONCRIEFF.

SMUGGING AN AUTHOR.

It has more than once been shown in these anecdotes that Elliston was completely the creature of impulse, and that he seized upon any idea likely to serve him, that chanced to present itself in the course of his different speculations, with a promptitude, and pursued it with a perseverance that had at least the merit of decision, a very necessary quality in a manager's character. No matter however grotesque and out of the way the means by which he attained his ends, if he did but accomplish his purpose.

The anecdote of his smuggling the narrator for the purpose of serving a temporary exigence, as it will illustrate the strange expedients he would resort to to effect any scheme he might have in view at the moment, though somewhat long, shall here be given: the more especially as a very garbled and incorrect version, from a third-hand relation, stole into print a few years since, and many very different accounts of the circumstance have been related by various persons in theatrical circles, the following detail by the narrator, who was himself the author smugged, as it is familiarly termed, will, however, for the first time place the affair in its true light. No one, it is presumed, will be hardly enough to doubt its authenticity, telling as it does so completely against the relator himself.

About the year 1819, the narrator being stage-manager and author, of Astley's Amphitheatre, almost his first serious essay in theatricals, he was, towards the conclusion of the season, making his way to resume his nightly duties, after dining with a friend in Hatton-garden, when halfway over Blackfriars-bridge he encountered Elliston. After a friendly greeting on either side, an idea seemed suddenly occur to the comedian.

"By the by, you must walk a short way back with me my dear fellow," said he, "I have something of most vital importance, upon which I wish to communicate with you, and I am forced this very night to proceed to LEICESTER, by the mail. Return with me as far as the Albion, I have a few words to say to my friend Phipps, and then, on our way to Lombard-street, I will make you acquainted with the matter in question."

To the Albion, at the corner of Bridge-street, they accordingly repaired,

where its worthy secretary, the late Warner Phipps, Elliston's fast friend during life, then resided. Leaving the narrator to kick his heels in an office below, the actor was speedily closeted with the secretary in a drawing-room above, as it afterwards appeared, over a bottle of the secretary's Madeira, which was particularly excellent. Seven o'clock arrived, and so did half-past seven, the narrator literally sitting all the time on pins and needles, till at length it wanted but a quarter to eight, and he was at all risks about to make a hasty retreat, to fulfil his neglected duties at Astley's, when he heard Elliston gaily descending the secretary's stairs, and the moment after was seized by the arm, and hurried by the comedian towards the emporium of letters.

"There is no time for conversation, my dear fellow," said Elliston, "it will be as much as we can do to nick Lombard-street by eight. You know the mails start to a moment."

Dragged along through the crowded bustle of Ludgate-hill, St. Paul's and Cheapside, they reached the Bank, almost breathless, as the clock struck eight, where they found the mail waiting for the letter-bags. It appeared, on inquiry, that Elliston happened on that night to be the only inside passenger.

"This is fortunate," said he, "step in, and by the time we get to the Angel I shall have an opportunity of detailing my business. A ride will do you good, and you can get a lift back to Astley's by one of the short stages; they pass the bottom of the New Cut on their way to the Elephant and Castle; I will pay the fare."

There was no refusing, Elliston lugged the narrator in, the bags were brought and deposited in the boot, the door was closed, the guard blew his horn, the coachman smacked his whip, and the mail merrily rattled over the stones down Cheapside. And Elliston—what did Elliston do? Proceed to the relation of the important affair he had to communicate? No, he drew a Welsh wig from his pocket, adjusted it by way of nightcap on his pericranium, and very coolly composed himself to sleep in one corner of the mail, and in three minutes afterwards was most loudly snoring, to his own complete ease and his companion's discomfiture. In vain it was endeavouring to awake him, he snored more loudly at each fresh effort, and the attempt was finally resigned as hopeless. At length the mail stopped at the Angel, and the author, as the narrator will now designate himself, becoming desperate at the thought of neglecting his duty, succeeded in arousing his abductor with an urgent remonstrance against the awkward situation in which he was placing him, the two proprietors of Astley's being absent, the one in Paris, the other at his seat at Weybridge, and the theatre left in his sole charge.

"My dear fellow," returned the comedian, "it is dry talking, and I have been walking all day, and my friend Phipps's Madeira was rather potent; a glass of hot brandy-and-water and I shall be quite fresh again. You must proceed with me a short distance further, a few minutes will suffice, and there are plenty of conveyances back."

The brandy-and-water was brought and despatched, the mail resumed its progress, and the author very unwillingly yielding to Elliston's assurances, suffered himself to continue in it.

"Now, sir," said he, as soon as they had got out of the noise and bustle of Islington, and were quietly and rapidly proceeding down the Holloway-road, "what is this important affair? I shall be ruined if I do not get back to Astley's by half-past nine at latest."

A loud flourish from Elliston's nasal organ was the only answer.

"Confound it!" muttered the author, "surely he is not gone to sleep again."

Asleep, however, and that very soundly, he certainly appeared to be on examination.

"Oh hang it I can't stand this Mr. Elliston,"—(a snore)—"sir,"—another snore—"really—" another snore obligato.

No answer except through the nose.

"Coachman, coachman, stop, let me out!"

The devil a bit, however, would the coachman hear any more than would Elliston; whether he had been bribed by the comedian or not to be deaf on this particular occasion was never discovered; it was, however, more than likely to have been the fact. As a broken neck was not to be hazarded by jumping out at the rapid rate in which the mail was then proceeding, there was no remedy but resignation.

"We shall soon arrive at the end of the stage," thought the author, "and then nothing shall stop me. Return I will—I am determined—it's scandalous—shameful!"

Indulging in such reflections as these the luckless author reached Barnet.

"Who-ho-ho! Now Dick, bring out the prads. Let them go there."

"Here, guard let down the steps."

Before the author, however, had time to open the door and jump out, Elliston most miraculously woke up and began to make a profusion of excuses,

"Bless my soul, what can have made me so sleepy! My dear fellow I really beg your pardon. Where are we? Barnet! Twelve miles from town already! What's the time? Here he drew out his watch. "As I live, nearly half past nine! Has the London stage started for town, waiter?"

"Oh lord, sir, yes, an hour ago."

"Unfortunate, faith! but I think you could manage to get there in a post-chaise by a little after eleven."

"A little after eleven, my dear sir!" cried the author in agony, "I shall be ruined! Why the theatre closes a little before eleven!"

"Egad you are quite right, so it does! It will be quite impossible, therefore, that you can get there in time to-night. What's to be done? I only see one way. You must proceed with me. You can return the first thing in the morning. It cannot be of the slightest consequence, they'll never miss you—tell them you were in the saloon. You'll be in plenty of time if you start to-morrow morning."

Now, then, all ready, sir," said the guard, appearing, made up for the night his broad face rising out of a huge headland of cape and comforter.

"Drive on," said Elliston.

"But my dear sir," said the author, as the vehicle resumed its rapid course.

"My dear fellow, what can I do? You see it's no fault of mine; make yourself perfectly comfortable, every thing will be quite right. Yaw-aw, how infernally drowsy I am. I'll just finish my nap, and then for business."

In another moment the actor was again in the arms of Morpheus, and as there seemed to be no other resource the author tried to follow his example, but disturbed visions of Astley's being on fire, and he not there to save his MSS., the principal actor taken suddenly ill, and the audience tearing up the benches, for want of some one to make an apology, haunted his imagination, and rendered his getting any refreshing sleep quite out of the question. Stage succeeded stage, but there was no getting Elliston to broach the business for which he had thus abducted his victim.

"You are in for it, my dear fellow," said the comedian, "and whether I tell you now or in the morning, it will be just the same thing, as I said, so make your mind easy, I will answer for all!"

"You must," said the author, gloomily; "for hang me if I have more than five shillings to carry me back."

"Then you must go on," said Elliston, coolly.

And go on they did.

Unfortunately for the author, on arriving at Northampton, they found the whole town in confusion; the notorious Huffy White having that night broken out of jail there, every vehicle was stopped, and the mail was detained upwards of two hours in the consternation of this daring convict's escape.

It was eight o'clock next morning before the mail reached Leicester, being a couple of stages beyond its usual time of arrival.

Putting up at an inn kept by two maiden sisters—great admirers of the comedian—a comfortable ablution, with a cheerful breakfast, somewhat restored the author's good humour, though he plainly saw there would be no chance of his getting back to town to be at Astley's in time that evening.

"But never mind, my dear fellow," said Elliston, "to-day is the principal day of the great cheese fair, and to-night I take my benefit, this being always the best night of the season. I play *Job Thornbury* in 'John Bull.' The afterpiece is your own 'Giovanni in London;' and I shall want you to take the money."

"What, sir—take the money! Surely, there are plenty of people that—"

"None to be trusted like yourself, my dear fellow. You must keep it very carefully—mustn't give it up to any one, now mind. You will find Leicester a very gay place to-day, and I have a surprise in store for you, but of that hereafter. We will now proceed to the theatre."

Most of the company being old acquaintances, the author's unexpected presence occasioned much greeting. A rehearsal of the play had been called, between the pauses of which, Elliston sought a conference with his trusty treasurer and manager, Lee, or old Lee, as he was more generally called.

Lee, in his turn, had then a private conference with the company, and the rehearsal proceeded with great spirit.

It has been said that Elliston was to be the *Job Thornbury*, and it may be further mentioned that he was to be supported by Lee, as *Peregrine*, Elliot as *Tom Shuffleton*, poor Tokely as *Dennis Brudgrudery*, little Keeley (not then quite so great a man as he has subsequently become) as *Dan* while the charming Mrs. H., then mantling with youthful beauty, and moving in a halo of unconscious fascination, was to be the *Mary*—the other characters appeared to be equally well cast, as it is termed.

The earliest opportunity that occurred after the conferences alluded to, old Lee took the author aside, and with an air of great mystery, and in a half-whisper, thus addressed him:

"My dear sir, you know the responsible situation I hold as treasurer and the onerous duties I have to perform in my official capacity as manager—Mr. Elliston tells me you are going to take the money to-night—is it true?"

"He has so requested me," answered the author.

"Good! Pray take care of it, and on no account part with it to any one; I have my reasons, my dear sir, I have my reasons."

"You may depend on me," answered the author.

"Good, very good!" snorted the manager, departing seemingly much satisfied.

Turning to quit the theatre, the author was joined by his old playmate and companion in boyhood, little Keeley, who putting on the look of comic gravity and importance, so peculiar to him, begged to whisper a word in confidence.

"You are to take the money to-night I hear, my dear boy!" said he.

"Right," returned the author.

"I am glad of that—now, my mind is easy—take care of it, whatever you do. I don't want to say ill-natured things, but between you and I, dropping his voice, "our friend in the straps is—however, you know him as well as I do, so I shall say no more."

Quitting Bob, the author was joined by Elliot, who it appeared, had been waiting for him at the corner of the street, and who looked even more sharp than usual.

"Do you take the money to-night, my dear fellow?" said he, in a cautious under-tone.

"I do," was the answer.

"Then it's all right! Good luck to you, take care of it! You know his nibbs."

The pretty Mrs. H. now came tripping through the stage-door, and in her turn, sidled up to the author.

"You take the money to-night, I hear," whispered she, with one of her sweetest smiles.

A nod of assent followed.

"Be sure you take care of it," said she, with a significant press of the hand, gaily hastening away.

All this was very mysterious—what could occasion this general anxiety?

Proceeding down the street, the author had not gone very far when he was again hailed, from the opposite side of the way—it was by poor Tokely, who remarking that the air was rather fresh, invited him into a neighbouring tavern, to take what he called a gum tickler with him (a glass of neat spirits).

Though not very partial to matutinal libations of this kind, poor Tokely was not a man to be lightly refused in such a matter. Taking a glass of sherry, which Tokely kept in countenance by ordering a ditto of brandy, which he immediately bolted, he privately made the same inquiry as all the others had done.

"Do you take the money to-night, old fellow?"

"Nothing so sure," was the reply.

"Then it's all right: but I was half afraid it was all gammon. Whatever you do," said he, in a whisper, "take care of it—collar it tight—don't let any one get hold of it for your life. Come, I must stand another anti-fogmatic on the strength of this. I don't dine for this half-hour yet."

Though the author was not to dine for two or three hours, he declined to wet the other eye, as Tokely termed it,—much to his astonishment, he never having been accused of any neglect of that kind.

The author then left him, and went to join Elliston. On his way to the place of tryst, the same eternal question was asked and the same mysterious injunction given by at least a dozen other persons, much to the author's stultification who could not conceive why every body was so anxious to know if he was to take the money, and why it was thought so necessary to give him such strict injunctions to take care of it.

Arriving at the inn, Elliston was found in good spirits, and soon the best dinner the larder of the fair hostesses could furnish, and the best bottle of wine that was in their cellars, made the author forget Astley's and become as animated as his friend, who had so unceremoniously smuggled him.

Numerous droll sallies accompanied the bottle in its circulation, till at length the hour of opening the doors called them to the theatre. As is not unusual with country theatres, there was only one pay-place at the Leicester theatre;

the visitors to the boxes, pit, and gallery, all paid their money to the same person, and received from him the several checks, which admitted them to the different parts of the house.

Duly installing himself in the little box appropriated for the purpose, and furnished with the necessary checks, while Elliston hurried to dress and perform, with a very particular parting charge, to take care of the money, the author entered upon his office.

It had been an unusually full fair, the town was crowded with visitors and strangers, and no sooner were the doors opened than the house was filled in every part. In less than half an hour there was a complete bumper, and as nearly as the author could calculate, he had in his different pockets (for he did not trust to the pay-drawer) between 80*l.* and 90*l.*, the greater part in country notes, being quite as much as the house had ever been known to hold.

Greatly elated at such large receipts, the author was solacing himself with a glass of negus, when a messenger despatched by Elliston, appeared with the communication that he was to take the money with him and immediately proceed to the great man behind the scenes, on some very important business, and that he, the messenger, would supply his place till his return.

There was no disobeying the mandate; accordingly, leaving a few checks in case any stragglers should insist on occupying standing-room—there was no sitting-room—the author hurried to learn Elliston's pleasure.

"Have you got the money?" was the first question, in a whisper; which of course was answered in the affirmative. "Then take care of it—we want you now to go on for *John Burr* for us. In casting the play we have totally overlooked the character, and have nobody we can send on for it but yourself.

"But my dear sir, I never acted in my life—I know nothing about *John Burr*—never saw the play."

"You'll do capitally well," said Elliston, with a most provoking coolness of manner; "your scenes are all with me, and you can *wing* the part."

Here the author suddenly felt his hat taken off, and a paper cap clapped upon his head by the property-man, whilst a dresser very dexterously tied a shopman's apron round his middle.

"Beautiful!" said Elliston, surveying the author, "never saw a better representative of *John Burr* in all my experience—there is the scrubby parish air to the life—you positively look as if you had been born in a workhouse!"

"Now, gentlemen, you open the scene," said the prompter.

"Come on then," said Elliston, seizing the author by the arm, "I'll tell you what to say—I have just lost my daughter, we have a little altercation, and you blow me up. You can manage to do that, can't you?"

"I rather think I can, at all events I'll try," returned the author, drily.

On they went, the touching episode of the waistcoat was gone through; the little altercation between master and man then commenced.

"Hark ye, old *Job*," said the author, seizing the fair opportunity that presented itself of having a dig at his friend, "I don't deny that you were my first master, and have often given me employment, though you didn't always pay me over well, but in this last business we are quits. Here have you brought me against my will from a comfortable place, all the way from Lunnun here, to be money-taker in your shop, where I have been standing for the last two hours, as your customers well know, taking their notes and gold in exchange for your brass—ninety good pounds, I have got it all here, safe in my breeches-pocket," thinking the money.

"Have you, by Jove!" said Elliston, delighted. "Ninety pounds!"

"Ninety pounds!" resounded from all the wings.

"Take care of it," whispered Elliston.

"I mean it," muttered the author; "and all the return I get is to be exposed in this paper-cap and apron here—it's too bad, and what I won't put up with."

"For heaven's sake," whispered Elliston, "don't go on in this way any further, see how the audience are staring!—I'll make it all right—you shall sup with me at the mayor's to-night, and to-morrow—to-morrow we'll cut the scene."

The public announcement of the author that there was ninety pounds in the house appeared to give great satisfaction to the actors and actresses, who were all anxiously watching the scene, but more particularly the lynx-eyed Lee.

The author's part finished on the stage, he hastened to resume his post as money-taker. At the conclusion of the comedy he was joined by the lessee and his manager.

"You have got the money safe, my dear fellow," said Elliston; "Lee here will go over the accounts with you, for I have pledged my word, though it is my benefit night, that I will not touch the receipts or take one halfpenny of them out of the town with me—"

"Yes, yes, give me the money," said the anxious Lee.

"Not now, we have no time to attend to it just at present; it is sufficient that the money is got, and will be well taken care of, for the mayor has just sent a special invitation for all three of us to sup with him, and some of the most distinguished gentry of Leicester. To-night—he is now waiting for us—so, come along, for we have not a moment to lose."

Lee's official consequence was touched, and he bustled onwards in all the responsible importance of his situation. Arriving at the mayor's house, his worship, while he very cordially greeted Elliston, appeared very much surprised at the presence of the author and old Lee; he, however, very politely welcomed them, after a pompous introduction by Elliston.

Not to weary the reader, Elliston challenged old Lee to take wine with him so often during supper, and proposed his health when the cloth was drawn in such eulogistic terms, that what with returning thanks, and being unused to drink champagne, about two o'clock, poor Lee was reduced to such a state of intoxication, that two of the mayor's footmen were obliged to lead him home to his lodgings—without the money, of course.

When the party at length broke up, and the author and Elliston returned to the place where they were to pass the night, there was found to be but one bed; but this was got over by Elliston engaging the author to write the opening piece for the ensuing season at the Olympic, which was to be re-opened with great splendour; Elliston easily persuading him to sit up and commence *instantly*, telling him that as a great treat he had ordered a postchaise to be at the door at seven o'clock next morning and meant to convey him to Leamington, that he might be present at the annual ball given by Mrs. Elliston to her fair pupils at that fashionable spa, and which was to take place the following evening.

The result of this arrangement, was the first act of the afterwards popular "*Rochester*."

Early the following morning a chaise bore them rapidly from Leicester, passing in their way poor Lee, who, scarcely recovered from the effects of the mayor's champagne, was groping his way to Elliston's lodgings, and did not observe them.

When they had fairly cleared Leicester, the oft-repeated question, "You have got the money safe?" was reiterated, and assented to for the last time.

"Then give it me," said Elliston, "I pledged my word, as you heard, I would not touch it last evening, nor take a penny of it out of the town; but it is morning now, and the town is at least three miles distant, so I have kept the word of promise to the ear, though I may have broken it to the hope—the money will be much better devoted to the completing my vast improvements at the Olympic, than it would be to the paying a parcel of musty arrears at Leicester, which will hereafter be duly liquidated by the novelties I shall send down. That buzzard Lee, wouldn't have let any person take the money save yourself, that wasn't a creature of his own; therefore you see, my dear fellow, I was forced to borrow you for a short time, and now the murder's out."

The mystery was now indeed explained—it was useless being angry, and duly arriving at Leamington, the graces of Mrs. Elliston's ball fully reconciled the author to having been smuggled—he was not, however, to be cajoled any longer by Elliston, but borrowing a couple of pounds of his little friend, Copps, of the Royal Hotel, took French leave next morning by the Birmingham coach which passed through the town, he reached the Belle Sauvage by six in the evening. His first step of course was to Astley's, from which he had now been absent three days.

Entering the stage-door, and passing down the stable-yard to the prompt-entrance behind the scenes, his ears were saluted, long before he arrived there, by the mingled cry of a thousand voices, vociferating, "Manager—manager—author—author!"

Alarmed beyond measure at this summons, which his greatest self-love had contemplated, he pushed his way through the astonished performers, who thought that he had dropped from the clouds, and obeyed the call; but he soon collected from the audience the real cause of their displeasure.

"Restore the author!—restore the author!" was the universal cry.

It was Sloman's benefit-night, and in order to shorten the length of the performances the actor had in the author's alienation very unceremoniously left out three or four scenes of the first piece. A few words confessing that during his temporary absence some liberties had certainly been taken with him, but now that he had come back, he would instantly restore himself, at once allayed the tumult, and thus ended the adventure of *Smuggling an Author*.

It should, perhaps, be mentioned that as Elliston had guaranteed, the Leicester arrears were ultimately duly paid, and that the author excused himself when any charge of collusion was afterwards sportively brought against him, by observing, that he had only done what every one had enjoined him to do, which was to—take care of the money!

GOLDSMITH.

From "*Pilgrimages in London &c.*," by ROBERT BELL, Esq.

A booksellers' hack! The word has almost grown into a term of ignominy. Nobody thinks of the mental powers and studious accomplishments of the everlasting hack. People see nothing in him but his necessities and his drudgery. They only regard him as a wretch driven to his last shifts, creeping along by the doors and windows, and slouching into the booksellers' shops to ask for employment, with a certain sort of sinister gentility reduced to tatters. They recognise in this man merely his penury, that has broken his spirit, and the fatal fluency of his pen, which is not half so lucrative as the stately round-hand of the scrivener's clerk. His intellectual energy, his industry, his capacity to grapple with all sorts of subjects, his knowledge of languages, his acquaintance with the broad popular features of almost every department of literature, and the perpetual sacrifice of his own personal prospects as an author to the immediate interests of others—all this, the painful, but elevated, aspect of his character, nobody ever thinks about.

What says our patient public, who can endure with such admirable composure the grinding down of meritorious men, to the fact that for many years of his life Oliver Goldsmith, the author of the "*Vicar of Wakefield*," was, in the entire slavish and fagging sense of the term, nothing more nor less than a booksellers' hack! He translated all kinds of books, compiled and edited histories, biographies, geographies, grammars, and scientific treatises; wrote prefaces and reviews, leading articles and squibs, and, in short, dedicated his whole genius to these unacknowledged and miscellaneous labours. With what bravery of heart he worked the incredible quantity of his productions in this way amply testify. The investigations of Mr. Prior have traced nearly everything to which he put his hand; and he who desires to follow the history of a booksellers' hack through every imaginable variety of style and topic cannot do better than read Mr. Prior's volumes. If he do not rise from the perusal of them with a graver notion of a poor hack's stock in trade than ever he had before we shall be very much surprised.

Thinking of all this, and of how Goldsmith rose up out of the obscurity of his anonymous writings, and became associated with Reynolds and Johnson, and was held worthy of the envy and ribaldry of Kenrick, and the friendship of Burke and Percy, and how he soared at last into gay lodgings, where he used to give suppers, after he had been so long buried in the unsavoury purlieus of Fleet-ditch, I set out, staff in hand, to visit the various spots in which he is known from time to time to have resided. This pilgrimage carried me to almost every part of the town.

The first place in which he lived, when he came back to London after his wanderings on the Continent, was at the house of a chemist of the name of Jacob, who resided at the corner of Monument or Bell-yard, on Fish-street-hill—this corner is not known, but it is now of little consequence, as the house has been long since taken down. It was pointed out to Conversation Sharpe, but he forgot it, and so the tradition was lost.

Necessity compelled Goldsmith to accept this miserable situation, but he did not hold it long. His ambition was to set up for himself as a physician, which he was soon after enabled to do by the help of some friends, who procured a house for him on the Bankside, Southwark. Of all men in the world, he was the very last who could cultivate a practice, who could wait for the slow accumulation of patients; but it flattered his harmless pride to have the station of a physician, and to walk about with a professional wig and cane and creaking shoes, looking unutterable dignities at all the little boys and girls in the street. And there he was in the very haunts of Shakspeare, within a stone's throw of the Globe and the Bear-garden, where Ben Jonson, and Marlowe, and Alleyn, the English Roscius, and fifty other celebrities of the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries, had flourished their truncheons before him. There was something infinitely more attractive in all these memories to such a man as Goldsmith than any professional prospects he could ever contemplate in such a locality; but he was still no little flushed with his house, and took great delight in showing himself abroad during this sunny, but most unprofitable, interval of his life. A thousand curious stories are told of his personal vanities at Southwark. He used to walk out in purple silk small clothes and a scarlet *roquelaire* buttoned to the chin, making most pompous use of his cane; sometimes he would appear in a bag-wig and sword; and whenever he had a new suit (which was not often!) he took extraordinary pains to draw attention to it by boasting of his tailor. An

old friend met him one day in the street attired in green and gold (the prevailing fashion of the day), very old and tarnished, and a shirt and neckcloth of at least a fortnight's wear. He said he was practising physic, and doing very well! It was an instinct of his breeding to keep up appearances; and it was all the deeper and stronger in proportion to his real poverty.

It was the fashion for physicians to wear velvet coats. Poor Goldy must be in the fashion at any cost. But what was he to do? He could not buy a new one. Well, he bought a second-hand one. There was a very serious rent, however, in the left breast, which he did not perceive when he was making the purchase, being, as usual, taken in. It was necessary to get it patched. It is not easy to patch velvet; accordingly the patch was clumsy, and easily detected. No man could be more alive to this awkwardness than Goldsmith. He never lost his consciousness of this terrible patch for a single moment; and when he was visiting a patient he used to disguise it by holding his hat over it, and keeping it there all the time. At last this habit of standing with his hat crossed on his left breast became generally remarked; and at last the real cause was discovered. It ended, as almost everything ended with him, in a laugh at his simplicity.

The speculation on Bankside failed, as might have been anticipated. In vain he looked thoughtfully out of his window, and set himself out for his daily walk. The people was either too healthy or already bespoken by some Esculapius who had taken root amongst them. In this extremity, Goldsmith flung his solemn cane into the river, and, after many hopeless attempts at doing something for bare subsistence, he accepted the situation of usher at a classical school kept by Dr. Milner, at Peckham.

The house is still there, and is still a school, kept by Mr. Austen. In Goldsmith's time it presented a facade of red brick, and there stood on one side a stable and washhouse, over which were three small dingy rooms. In one of these rooms Goldsmith used to sleep, and the other was his study. Mr. Austen found this outhouse in such a state of dilapidation that he was compelled to remove it altogether, and to erect a fresh building on its site; but not until he had carefully searched the wainscots and floors, to ascertain whether a relique of any kind of its distinguished tenant could be found. But the search was in vain. Goldsmith remained too short a time in the place to bequeath any memorial of his name to its possessors, and was, moreover, so unwilling to have it known that he ever filled such an office as usher in a school, that it may be presumed he was careful not to leave any trace there behind him. The only fragment that bore any evidence of his hand was a pane of glass, upon which some verses were scratched with a diamond. There is no doubt that they were written by Goldsmith, and the last proprietor of the establishment, Miss Marshall, had the pane removed. This is one of the unwarrantable liberties which are sometimes taken with the reliques of men of genius. In their avidity to secure and possess them, people overlook the obligation of preserving them exactly as they were originally left. The pane of glass is still preserved, but not in the house to which it, of right, belongs; and the visitor who inspects the establishment, by the courteous permission of Mr. Austen, will have the mortification of learning that nothing remains of Goldsmith but the legend of his name.

He used to sit in the corner of the room on the left hand of the hall. There was his desk between the fire-place and the window. The place is remarkably tranquil, with an imposing antique air about it, and old trees flapping and darkening the windows. It was not an unfit location for a poet, had everything else harmonised with his tastes. But it was hard for such a brain and heart as Goldsmith's to sit from morning till night in that shadowy nook, drudging over monotonous tasks, while his thoughts and affections were abroad amongst the fields and woods, dreaming of poetry and romance. The result was that, after a severe struggle of a few months, he returned penniless to London.

They have one characteristic tradition of him at Peckham. There came into the village a company of Scotch soldiers, and Goldsmith, putting on Dr. Milner's cap and gown, went out to meet them, and delivered a Latin oration at the head of the troop. The soldiers, of course, did not understand Latin; but the sergeant, who seems to have been a wag, contrived to respond in a sort of burlesque German, which answered the purpose just as well. They were totally unintelligible to each other; but Goldsmith had his joke, to the great delight of the spectators, and a holiday into the bargain, which was something more to his own delight.

The house is called by Mr. Austen Goldsmith House. It has undergone many changes in the process of modernization. The old latticed windows have given way to others of a sedater form; a glass door and window, leading into the drawing-room at the back, that had sealed up for thirty years, has been removed, and its place supplied with folding-doors; the front of the house has been stuccoed; and an old walnut tree, which, no doubt, stood there in Goldsmith's time, has been cut down in the garden to procure a larger expanse of play-ground. The most remarkable circumstance in the history of this house is, that it has been appropriated to its present use ever since Goldsmith lived here. Dr. Milner was succeeded by a Mrs. Parry, who converted it into a female school. She was succeeded by Miss Brown, and afterwards by Miss Marshall, and it continued in their hands for an unbroken term of ninety years. When Mr. Austen took possession, he restored it to its original destination, and it is now, as it was under Dr. Milner, an academy for boys; but, throughout the whole period of perhaps a century and a half, it has been devoted exclusively to the purposes of education.

Following the restless poet back again into London, I find him next located at the house of Dr. Griffith, in Paternoster-row, where he was boarded and lodged, as a contributor to the "Monthly Review." This was worse than the ushership. His articles used to be inspected and revised by the impertinent interference of an incompetent woman; and, at last, thoroughly disgusted by his position, and the regularity that was looked for from him, he threw up his employment at the end of five months, and went to live somewhere in the vicinity of Salisbury-square, Fleet-street. Here he was at all events his own master, and used to frequent the Temple Exchange coffee-house, near Temple Bar, the practice not having then quite passed away for physicians to have their houses of call.

From Salisbury-square he removed to a house, No. 12 Green Arbour-court, between the Old Bailey and Fleet-market. Here he rented a miserable lodging on the first-floor. The place is still approached by Break-neck Stairs, which, even so far back as the time of Charles II., was a passage of danger. "We returned down stairs," says the author of the "London Spy," speaking of some dark haunt of his, "with as much care and caution of tumbling head-foremost as he that goes down Green Arbour-court steps in the middle of winter." But Green Arbour-court is no longer what it was. The whole character of the scene is changed. You approach Break-neck Stairs (as that perilous flight of stairs is still designated) up a narrow, dismal ascent, called Bear-alley, crowded with pallid children and macilent women, and not unlike one of the steep stony paths by which you climb up to the fortified ramparts of a citadel. It only wants a little dense moss at the sides, with rank spear grass

shooting up through the pavement, to make the illusion complete. Break-neck Stairs faces you on the crown of this ascent—a most precipitous ladder of stones, protected by a massive wooden rail, and piercing some tall, lank half starved looking houses, with dingy conventual windows. Green Arbour-square stands at the summit of these stairs, and consists of a single line of half a dozen crazy houses, occupied by old furniture and dusty fruit stalls—the said square being no square at all, but a ragged heap of debris, marked off a slight partition, and abutting upon the old locality of Clemitt's Inn. Beyond this is the place now called Green Arbour-court, two or three blind warehouses leading into the open sunshine of the Old Bailey.

Goldsmith's house has been long since swept away; but we may still form no very indefinite speculation as to the sort of place it must have been. It was here he was visited by Bishop Percy, in a wretched room, with only one chair; it was here he used to assemble the children of the neighbourhood, play the flute to them, and give them cakes and sweetmeats; it was here he pawned his very best suit to help his landlord out of difficulties; and it was here he wrote his "Essay on Polite Learning," and a hundred other elegant and graceful things that have embalmed his name for ever in the grateful memory of posterity.

His industry was now so successfully exerted, that he was enabled to remove in Wineoffice-court, Fleet-street. It is not known in which house he lived; and all one can do to satisfy one's curiosity in the matter is to peep into the court, and see what sort of locality it is. Fleet-street has many collateral branches of this description, and Wineoffice-court—composed of a strip of houses on one side, some of which have a very responsible and municipal aspect—is probably one of the most respectable. It was a vague pleasure to set about conjecturing which of these houses Goldsmith lived in; and, after the lapse of five minutes, I found myself still standing gazing upon them in a dim reverie, without having arrived at any conclusion. I might have remained, perhaps, still longer in this wilful dream, when a couple of children suddenly appeared at the drawing-room windows of one of the largest houses, and I instantly concluded that in that very room the poet must have lived. The association was natural enough, my head was so full of his munificence and generosity to young people.

This was the place where Goldsmith first saw Dr. Johnson. Goldsmith had a party—a literary party—to supper, and Percy undertook to bring Johnson. As they walked along the bishop observed that Johnson was dressed with unusual care and accuracy; and, upon asking him the reason, Johnson told him that it was because he understood Goldsmith was in the habit of excusing his personal negligence by citing him as an example, and that he was determined to put it out of his power to refer to him as an authority for so great a fault. Goldsmith took the hint, and ran into the opposite extreme.

I had now, in the pursuit of my desire to visit all the spots with which his name is connected, to proceed to Islington; for it seems that he removed out of Wineoffice-court to a lodging at the house of a Mrs. Fleming in that neighbourhood, in order to be near Newbery, the bookseller, who lived at Canonbury House, where Goldsmith often lay concealed to escape his creditors. Of Mrs. Fleming's domicile no record remains; but the old tower of Canonbury House still stands. It was in this tower Newbery lived. There was a staircase that ran up the whole way, with Latin inscriptions at the top, and the names of the various residents belonging to the several floors were written up at the entrance, after the manner of the inns of court. How all this may be now I know not, for the interior is no longer accessible, being the private residence of a Mr. Hill, a surveyor, who has been transmogrifying the entire site of Canonbury. A new road now runs across the fields—the old fish-pond is half filled up, and railed off—many houses and tottering walls have been pulled down, disclosing some very picturesque gable ends and poetical casements; in short, the whole place is improved, and a tone of neatness and prettiness prevails which cannot be objected to on any score. It is one of the few instances of renovation in which the antique physiognomy of the place is brought out into strong relief—rendered even more prominent than it was before. The tower itself is intact, and the old red bricks look pretty much the same as I suppose they must have looked in Goldsmith's time. It was in this place, according to tradition, he wrote "The Vicar of Wakefield."

There was yet one locality more to visit, and only one. He had lodged at sundry intervals at Edgware, at a cottage called the Shoemaker's paradise (because it was built by a shoemaker, and at another place upon the Edgware-road; and he used to frequent the Turk's Head, in Gerard-street where the Literary Club (which is still in existence) were in the habit of supping every Monday; and the Robin Hood Debating Society, in Butcher's row; and a card club at the Devil's Tavern, near Temple-bar. But his last lodging was in the Temple. He first located himself in chambers in the library staircase, now pulled down, and on the site of which stands No. 2, Garden-court; he afterwards removed to King's Bench-walk, and finally to No. 2, Brick-court. His apartments, now in the occupation of a Mr. Baldwin, were on the right-hand side ascending the staircase on the second floor. The place is gloomy enough—one window looking into Brick-court, and another into the dingy passage that leads to the next court westward. But it was a famous spot in his time, and many a cheerful laugh echoed through the rooms, and many a practical prank was played off here, when he would ask his country friends to dinner, to show off some of his town fineries and lionisms; or when he would make up a few card tables for his acquaintances at the Devil; or a supper for Sir Joshua and a coterie of authors. The rooms are silent enough now, and steeped in a twilight of cobwebs and law dust. Poor Goldsmith died in these rooms, and they were afterwards drawn again into temporary notoriety by the frantic act of Miss Broderick, who, in a passion of jealousy, shot Mr. Eddington here—in the very room in which Goldsmith died!

Perhaps there never was a man who lived in the early part of his life by such an extraordinary variety of ways and means as Goldsmith. He contrived to sustain himself at different times in different places by playing the flute, by procuring alms through the Irish at convents, by disputing for a bed and a dinner at the universities, by acting as assistant to a chemist, by practising as a doctor and an apothecary, by taking the functions of an usher, by attempting the stage (if the report be true) in a provincial town when he was literally fighting his way up to London, by writing in the periodicals on all sorts of subjects, by translations, editorships, and an endless diversity of literary employments; throughout the whole of which fearful struggle he never seems to have fairly raised his head above difficulties, and never to have been for one month secure of provision for the next.

The incident comes in awkwardly; but, in the midst of all this dreary taxation of his faculties, it is pleasant to know that he used sometimes to indulge in a white-bait dinner at Blackwall, and that he once carried his enthusiasm, so far on one of those occasions as to get into a "row" for censuring the obscenity of Tristram Shandy.

The predominant characteristics of the man were his sustained simplicity to the end, long after he had become a person of literary eminence; his absence

of mind; the awkwardness and shyness of his manners; his love of boyish tricks and games, of romps and story telling; of children, and of buying dainties for them, and doubtless, of eating them too; of helping the first beggar that came; of being taken in by everybody (or he must have had a taste for being imposed upon); of dancing, and singing Irish songs; of masquerades (for which he was lampooned by Kenrick;) of play (on which he had a passion,) especially loo and whist; of theatres and oranges, of Ranelagh and Vauxhall, where he used to flourish with a wonderful capacity for fun.

His tailor's bills were not the least curious items in his personal history. Looking back upon his life, and the troubles that hung over it, one would never expect to find such entries as Tyrian bloom satin grain, and garter blue silk breeches; suits lined with silk and picked out with gold buttons; suits of Queen's blue, and of blue velvet; and waistcoats, without end, of rich straw silk tamboured, silver grey, fine brown cambric, and tamboured buff! Yet such was Oliver Goldsmith in the heart of his innocent vanity, as gay, as guileless, as hopeful, and as good-natured, as if the world, with all its wealth and all its hearts, lay open before them.

Miscellaneous Articles.

DEFENCE OF HOUGOMONT.—There is at present a corporal in this house, James Graham, who had been serjeant in the second battalion of Coldstream Guards, at the battle of Waterloo; where, under Lieut.-Colonel McDermott, he occupied the critical position of the Chateau Hougomont, in which a body of the Guards had been stationed the night before. Against this position the French made the most violent assaults, pouring round it like a flood. Graham, with some of his comrades, were sent into the lofts of a range of out-offices, at the rear of the chateau, to prevent the enemy from entering by the roof: here there was a quantity of wheat straw, which the French found means to set fire to, and compelled these brave fellows to descend, when they were obliged to defend the large gates of the offices from the aggressions of the French, who, with firelocks and bayonets, made deadly efforts to force an entrance. One of the French grenadiers had even climbed to the top of the gate, whom Graham shot, and he fell inside; where his body, together with those of about ten or fifteen of our gallant fellows, was consumed in the conflagration. During the awful struggle, Graham and his party contrived to place four large planks of ash timber against the gates, laying one on the ground to prop those which were laid against them. This post of danger he occupied when a fresh brigade of Guards came to their assistance, and the enemy retreated; nor did he leave the place until nine o'clock on the evening of the 18th, except for twenty minutes, by permission of his commanding officer, to place his brother under a hedge, who was also in the Guards, and there with him, but had been mortally wounded—he never saw him after. Graham's cap had been several times shot off, and his knapsack riddled by balls, yet he only received three slight wounds; all the other serjeants and corporals of the two companies of the Guards which had occupied the devoted spot were either killed or wounded. Several of the officers, during the gallant defence of Hougomont, laying aside their swords, took firelocks, which they made a good use of, against the enemy.

History of the Royal Hospital, Kilmalnam.

SERVANTS IN INDIA.—There is one great convenience in visiting at an Indian house, namely, every visitor keeps his own establishment of servants, so as to give no trouble to those of the house. The servants find for themselves in a most curious way. They seem to me to sleep nowhere, and eat nothing; that is to say, in our houses, or of our goods. They have mats upon the steps, and live upon rice. But they do very little, and every one has his separate work. I have an ayah, (or lady's maid,) and a tailor, (for the ayahs cannot work;) and A—has a boy; also two muddles, one to sweep my room, and another to bring water. There is one man to lay the cloth, another to bring in dinner, another to light the candles, and others to wait at table. Every horse has a man and a maid to himself; the maid cuts grass for him; and every dog has a boy. I inquired whether the cat had any servants, but I found that she was allowed to wait upon herself; and, as she seemed the only person in the establishment capable of so doing, I respected her accordingly. Besides all these acknowledged and ostensible attendants, each servant has a kind of muddle or double of his own, who does all the work that can be put off upon him without being found out by the master and mistress. Notwithstanding their numbers they are dreadfully slow. I often tire myself with doing things for myself rather than wait for their dawdling; but Mrs. Staunton laughs at me, and calls me a "griffin," and says I must learn to have patience, and save my strength. (N.B.—Griffin means a fresh man or a fresh woman in India.) The real Indian ladies lie on a sofa, and, if they drop their handkerchief, they just lower their voices and say "Boy," in a very gentle tone, and then creeps in perhaps some old wizened skinny brownie, looking like a superannuated thread-paper, who twiddles after them for a little while, and then creeps out again as softly as a black cat, and sits down cross-legged in the verandah till "mistress please to call again."

A Lady's Letters from Madras.

A RAILROAD MARRIAGE.—On Saturday week last, the Pacific sailed from Scrabster Roads for Quebec. The day before she sailed one of the passengers, a young man, seeing how very comfortable those appeared to be who were possessed of wives, grew very uneasy and restless thereupon, thinking how much better off he should have been had he a helpmate. He at length unbosomed his mind to a fellow-passenger, a young man lately married, who informed him that he knew a young woman, who was in possession of a sum of money amounting to between £60 and £70, then residing in service at Thurso, who had often stated that if any decent young man asked her to wed and emigrate to America, she would accept his offer without the least hesitation. So far so good. The next thing debated was, whether it was at all likely that a young woman would consent to take a perfect stranger for a husband, and dispense with the tedious process of courtship, &c. for this was absolutely necessary, seeing that the vessel was to sail in about 10 hours: however, "faint heart never won fair lady," so it was determined to make a trial. Ashore, therefore, the two young men came on their matrimonial trip. Having, with many circumlocutions, introduced the young man, and the delicate mission on which they were bound, the young lady was not found to be quite so obdurate as had been expected. They were consequently left together to arrange matters, and to "do the courting" for an hour, that being the utmost extent of time that could be allowed. At the expiration of that period the companion of the young man returned. Everything had prospered, and nothing remained, but to arrange matters with the parson, and to purchase a few necessities for the voyage. These were satisfactorily accomplished; but, alas! when did the course of true love ever run smooth? The mistress of the young woman having gained an inkling of the matter, and not being exactly satisfied that all was correct, determined to break off the match. Accordingly, on the maxim of "safe bind safe find," she sent the betrothed on a pretended errand into an upper room, and, when there, turned the key, intending to keep her close prisoner

until after the vessel sailed for America. Tears, prayers, entreaties, all were alike unavailing. The impatient bridegroom, who was waiting for his bride near at hand, was surprised at her not appearing according to promise, and went to discover the reason. When he was informed of the durance vile in which his "ladye love" was placed, he was reduced to a state bordering on despair. The hour of sailing approached, and both were, of course, in a condition of mind rather to be imagined than described. At length the mistress of the fair dame yielded, and the happy pair bolted off to the parson to get the indissoluble knot safely tied; which done they hurried down to the beach; when another misfortune awaited them—the ship was under weigh! For a con si de-ra-tion, a boat and a stout crew were obtained; and, by dint of hard pulling, they reached the vessel before it got out of the roads, and stepped on board the Pacific by 10 o'clock. Thus was this important matter settled to every one's satisfaction, with railway speed—the introducing, courting, proposing, accepting, and wedding, all accomplished in the short space of six hours, which some take as many years to bring about.

John o'Groat Journal.

ROMANCE OF GAINSBOROUGH'S LIFE.—Gainsborough has left ample testimony of his sympathy with, and affection for, the calm and holy beauty of English scenery. His life must have been a pleasant one to live; for, on the whole, it is pleasant to think over. Nature had made him in the first instance her debtor, by gifting him with manly beauty, and it was accompanied by gracefulness and good address. Few in his day were more admired than the young Suffolk artist—the melodious Gainsborough—the most easy and gentlemanly painter of sylvan England. His family were respectable. He could not be sneered at either for low birth or forlorn fortunes. He married young—a rare, but decided, advantage to a man who marries wisely; and the first sight of his bride is described as a meeting belonging rather to Arcadia than England. It was richly and purely poetical. In one of the young artist's pictorial wanderings amid the woods of Suffolk he sat down to take a sketch of some fine trees, growing just where they ought, with all their accessories, a clear rivulet cooling the meadows, sheep dotting the scene; there was the bleat of lamb and coo of dove, and suddenly a nymph, the kind and gentle Margaret Burr, who had just numbered sixteen summers; she came like a sunbeam to his heart, and secured a lover who soon became a husband. Prudence sanctioned affection, and the course of true love for once ran smooth, for Margaret added to the charms of good sense and good looks a clear annuity of two hundred pounds a year. Before this marriage he had journeyed from Sudbury (his native place) to London, where he studied for four years, and then returned, when just eighteen, to be the beloved of his home, the idol of society. Thus he was circumstanced when the fair Margaret won his heart and he her hand. Nineteen and seventeen—mere boy and girl!—living and loving each the other until, in the sixty-first year of his age, he passed to "fairer fields" than he had ever painted. Happy, happy days they must have passed together! He, so enamoured of her and his art; she, loving whatsoever he loved, for his dear sake; watching the progress of his pencil, and feeling that his name would carry hers down the stream of time! Truly an English landscape-painter ought to be a happy man! In perpetual commune with bright nature—sweet nature—peaceful nature! Camping, like a gipsy, amid the shelter of green lanes—rioting, a modern Robin Hood, in forest glades—making acquaintance with rivers, establishing friendships with lakes—a man whom the deer do not fly from, and whom the partridge scans with her large soft eye without suspicion—over whose head the poised skylark sings—who is welcome at every cottage hearth, while his landscapes are "the country" of many a city palace.

Mrs. S. C. Hall in the Art-union.

REVOLVING STEAMER.—We have unintentionally neglected to speak of a model of a vessel, that has been exposed to public inspection at the St. Charles Exchange, which has been the subject of no little speculation. The vessel is composed of a number of air-tight boxes, connected together by hinges, which revolve over two wheels at the extremity of the boat. There are two sets of boxes, and the engine is to be fixed between them. When the machinery is put in motion, the wheels which keep the "chain of boxes" distended revolve with rapidity, and the boxes of course pass around them. At the top of each box is a fixed paddle intended to take hold upon the water as it revolves. By this contrivance it is thought by the inventor that the vessel will be propelled with nearly the same velocity through the water as it could be upon land, as it has no water to displace by pressing through it, but rolls over its surface. The revolving boxes, air tight, are in fact the vessel itself.

New Orleans Bee.

From the Brooklyn News.

Among the host attracted by curiosity to witness the advent of His Excellency the President, into the city of New York, yesterday, was a long legged lank, saw-tooth-complexioned genius, mounted upon a rough, uncouth, Shetland pony. The horse and rider attracted no small share of attention, and many were the remarks made, and jests uttered, as the pony passed along. After proceeding very leisurely for some distance, the animal came to a stand-still, and in despite of coaxing, threats or blows, seemed resolved to have its own way. A crowd of men and boys gathered around. "Where are you bound, if the wind holds?" asked one. "How's your friends?" shouted another, "Are you the President, enquired a third. "No, I ain't the President. I'm a procession going to meet him," replied the man, "open the way and let us pass, won't you?" "Hurrah," roared a dozen voices. "Whoa, gee, g' long." "Let the procession pass," "make way for the procession," etc., etc., were the remarks of the crowd.

The man dismounted, got before the pony, and pulled at the bridle, but the animal braced itself and stood firm. He went behind and beat and pushed it, but it would not budge an inch. Hurrahs long and loud were given. "Why, now, gentlemen, I'd be sorry to spoil your sport, but upon my honor, that critter is not the President, nor am I one of the Cabinet, so what you are hurrawing about is more than I know; but never mind, you aint the first that's been mistaken." The President—ha-ha-ha—hurrah. You ain't the Cabinet, what are you then? "The Captain's bed-fellow?" "No I ain't, I'm master of this stubborn critter, what'll go just when he pleases, and all airt couldnt budge him, unless you go before him and hold out something green.—Mister, jest step slowly before before him, and try, wont you?" said the man to one, apparently an office holder, by the huge bunch of ribbons attached to his button hole. The bunch of ribbons very quickly disappeared. The man again walloped the pony. while it kicked tremendously, which caused the crowd to huzza more vociferously. "Don't, good folks, don't make such a noise, the critter will think he's got among a lot of donkeys, and a feller feeling will induce him to stay here in spite of all I can do." "Good, well said," responded several of the by-standers. The crowd finding that they were likely to get the worst of it in an encounter of wit, began to disperse, and the pony seeming disposed to move the man mounted and proceeded on his way, attracting from the oddity of his appearance the attention of the crowd.

BUNKER HILL CELEBRATION.—WEBSTER'S SPEECH.

On Saturday morning the procession marched into the large area reserved for them, and as the aged band of surviving revolutionary heroes were supported towards the seats prepared for them, their presence was hailed by affectionate and hearty plaudits, whilst many an eye glistened with sympathetic feeling.

Of the soldiers of the revolution, 108 were present. Three of these are survivors of the battle of Lexington, viz., Alfeus Bigelow, aged 85, Levi Harrington, aged 83, and Phineas Johnson, aged 97. Twelve of these veterans were at the battle of Bunker Hill.

The President of the United States was seated behind the station of the orator of the day, surrounded by his suite, the Governor of the Commonwealth of Massachusetts, and his suite, &c. &c.

The exercises were commenced by the Chaplain—the Rev. Mr. Ellis, of Charlestown, who offered up a prayer.

When the chaplain resumed his seat, Mr. Webster advanced to the front of the platform, and his appearance was hailed by the loud and prolonged cheering of the immense multitude. It was a scene of singular sublimity. The tall pillar in all its impressive solemnity—the vast congregation—the serene sky—the majestic figure of the orator, as he stood silently regarding the colossal column—the hoary headed band of patriots who occupied the front seats of the platform—all made up a scene never to be forgotten.

After the demonstrations of the feelings of the vast assemblage had been given, the most unbroken silence followed, and then the representative of the nation thus commenced his

ORATION.

A duty has been performed—a work of patriotism and of gratitude is accomplished—that structure having its broad foundations in a soil which drank deeply of early revolutionary blood, has at length reached its destined height, and now lifts its summit to the clouds. We are assembled to celebrate the accomplishment of this undertaking, and to indulge afresh in the gratifying recollections of the events which it is designed to commemorate. Eighteen years ago—more than half the ordinary duration of a generation of mankind—the corner stone of this monument was laid. The hope of those who conceived the design of raising here a structure worthy of the events it was intended to commemorate, were founded in voluntary contributions—private munificence, and general public favour. Those hopes have not been disappointed. Individual donations have been made, in some cases, of large amount—small contributions by thousands; and all those who entertain an opinion of the value of the object itself, and the good attained by its successful accomplishment, will cheerfully pay their homage of respect to the successive Presidents, Boards of Directors, and Committees of the Corporation which have had the general management of the work. The architect, equally entitled to our thanks and consideration, will find other rewards in the beauty of the obelisk itself, and in the distinction which it confers on him, as a work of art. Nor on this occasion should the omission be made to mention the praiseworthy services of the builder, who has watched the laying of one stone upon another, from the foundation to the top. At a time when the prospects of farther progress in the work were gloomy and discouraging, the Mechanic Association, by a patriotic and vigorous effort, raised funds for carrying it on, and saw them applied with fidelity and skill. It is a grateful duty to acknowledge on this occasion the worth and efficient effort of that association. The remaining efforts to complete the construction of this edifice had another source. Garlands of grace and elegance were destined to crown a work which had had its origin in manly patriotism. The winning power of “the sex” addressed itself to the public, and all that was needed to carry this edifice to its proposed height, and to give it its finish, was promptly supplied. So that the mothers and daughters of the land have contributed largely to whatever there may be of elegance and beauty in the structure itself, or of utility, or of public gratification in its accomplishment. Of those with whom the plan of erecting this monument originated, many are living and are now present; but alas, there are others who have themselves become subjects of monumental inscription. William —, (whose surname was not distinctly heard,) a distinguished scholar, an able writer, a most amiable man—allied by birth and sentiment to the patriots of the revolution, died in public service abroad, and now lies buried in a foreign land. William Sullivan, a name fragrant with revolutionary service and public merit—a man who concentrated in himself, to a great degree, the confidence of this whole community—one who was always most loved where best known—he, too, has been gathered to his fathers. And, last, George Blake, a lawyer of learning and eloquence—a man of wit and of talent—of social qualities the most agreeable and fascinating—of gifts which enabled him to exercise large sway over public bodies—has closed his human career. I have, thus far, spoken only of those who have ceased to be among the living; but a long life, now drawing towards its close—always characterized by acts of public munificence and public spirit—forming a character now become historical—sanctified by public regard and private affection—may confer, even on the living the proper immunity of the dead, and be the just subject of honourable meditation and warm commendation. Among the early projectors of this structure, none more zealous, none more efficient than Thos. H. Perkins [cheers.] It was beneath his ever hospitable roof that those I have mentioned as among the dead, and those now living, having been called together for the purpose, took the first step towards the erection of this monument. A venerable man, the friends of us all, whose charities have distilled like the dew of heaven; he has fed the hungry and clothed the naked, and he has given sight to the blind [renewed applause.] And for such virtue there is a record on high, which our humble work, and all the language of brass and stone, can furnish only a poor and distant imitation [applause.] Not amongst the immediate progenitors of the work, but one of its early friends and the first President of the Corporation, was the then Governor of the Commonwealth, General Brookes, who had been here on the 17th June, 1775, and afterwards distinguished by honourable services in the Revolutionary war, and who, throughout his whole life—a soldier without fear, a man without reproach. [Loud applause, and a revolutionary hero on the platform exclaimed, while tears trickled down his furrowed cheeks, “He was my colonel.”] I know well, that in thus alluding to the dead, I cause many tears to flow from recollections of bereavements too recent to be suppressed; but such honourable mention is due to their public and private virtues, and especially on this occasion, for their zeal and efforts in the accomplishment of the purpose which has now reached its fulfilment. Time and nature have had their course in diminishing the number of those who were here at the celebration of the laying the corner stone of the Monument 18 years ago, most of the revolutionary characters have joined the congregation of the dead. Lafayette sleeps in his native land—yet the name and the blood of Warren are here—the kindred of Putnam, of Starke, of Knowlton, of McLarie are here. And here too, beloved and respected, as universally as he is known, and now venerable himself for his years, is the son of the gallant, daring, indomitable Prescott, [loud and enthusiastic cheering.] And here, too, are some—a small band—of those who performed military service on the field on the 17th

of June, 1775—[great applause]—all of them now far advanced in age, who partook in the dangers and glory of that memorable conflict—[cheers.] They have outlived all the storms of the Revolution—they have outlived the evils resulting from the want of a good and efficient government in this country—they have outlived the pendency of dangers threatening the public liberty—they have not outlived, they cannot outlive, the ever abiding gratitude of their country [loud and enthusiastic cheering.] Heaven has not allotted to our generation an opportunity of rendering service like theirs, and manifesting such devotion as they manifested in such a cause as theirs; but it may well become us to praise actions that we cannot equal—to commemorate what we were not born to perform [a universal burst of applause.] “*Pulchrum est benefacere reipublica, benedicere haud absurdum est.*” Yes, BUNKER HILL MONUMENT is completed. Here it stands. Fortunate in the natural eminence on which it is placed, higher infinitely in its object and purpose,—behold it rise over the land and over the sea, and visible this moment to 300,000 of the citizens of Massachusetts. There it stands—a memorial of the past—a monitor to the present, and to all succeeding generations of men. I have spoken of its purpose. If it had been without any other purpose than a work of art, the granite of which it is composed would have continued to sleep on its native bed. But it has a purpose, and that purpose gives it dignity and causes us to look upon it with awe. That purpose it is which enrobes it with a moral grandeur—that purpose it is which seems to invest it with the attributes of an august, intellectual personage. It is itself the great ORATOR of this occasion [great cheering.] It is not from my lips, nor could it be from any human lips, that that strain of eloquence is to flow, most competent to utter the emotions of this multitude. The potent speaker stands motionless before you. (Here the speaker paused, and with outstretched arms looked upwards to the solemn pile, and the vast assemblage joined in one loud and long shout of enthusiastic applause.) It is a plain shaft; it bears no inscription, fronting the rising sun, from which the future antiquarian shall be employed to wipe away the dust; nor does the rising sun awaken strains of music on its summit; but there it stands, and at the rising of the sun, and at the setting of the sun, and amid the blaze of noon-day, and in the milder effulgence of lunar light, there it stands. It looks—it speaks—it acts to the full comprehension of every American mind, and to the awakening of the highest enthusiasm in every true American heart [great applause.] Its silent but awful utterance—the deep pathos with which, as we look upon it, it brings before us the 17th of June, 1775, and the consequences resulting from the events of that day to us, to our country, and to the world—consequences which must continue “to gain influence” on the destinies of mankind to the end of time—surpasses all that the study of the closet or even the inspiration of genius could produce. To-day—to-day it speaks to us. The future auditors will be the successive generations of men. As they shall rise up before us and gather round its base, its speech will be of courage and patriotism—of religion and liberty—of good government—of the renown of those who have sacrificed themselves to the good of their country. In the older world many fabrics are still in existence, reared by human hand, whose object and history are lost in the darkness of ages. They are now monuments of nothing, but the power and skill which constructed them. The mighty pyramid itself, half buried in the sands of Africa, has nothing to bring down and report to us, but the power of Kings and the servitude of the people. If asked for its design, or just object, or its sentiment, for its admonition—for its instruction to mankind—for any great end of its being, it is silent—silent as the million of human beings that lie in the dust at its basis, or the catacombs that surround it. Having thus no just object now known to mankind—though it be raised against the Heavens, it excites no feeling but that of the consummation of power, raised with strange wonder. But if the present civilization of mankind—founded, as it is, on the solid basis of science, or great attainment in art, or in extraordinary knowledge of nature, and stimulated and pervaded as it is by moral sentiment and the truths of the Christian religion—if this civilization be destined to continue till there come a termination of human being on the earth, then the purpose of this monument will continue to be on earth till that hour comes. And if, in a dispensation of Providence, the civilization of the world is to be overthrown, and the truths of Christianity obscured by another deluge of barbarism, still the memory of BUNKER HILL, and the great events with which it is connected, will be parts and elements of the knowledge of the last man to whom the light of civilization and christianity shall be extended [loud applause.] This celebration is honoured by the presence of the Chief Magistrate of the Nation, surrounded by the distinguished individuals who are his constitutional advisers [three enthusiastic cheers and “one cheer more.”] An occasion so national—so intimately connected with that revolution, out of which the government grew, is surely worthy of this mark of respect and admiration from him, who by the voice of his fellow citizens and the laws of the country is placed at the head of that government. Familiarly acquainted as he is with YORKTOWN, where the last great military effort of the Revolution was performed, he has now had an opportunity of seeing the theatre of the first of these great struggles. He has seen where WARREN fell—where STARKE, KNOWLTON, PUTNAM, and McLARY, and their associates, fought. He has seen the field on which a thousand chosen regular troops of England were smitten down in the first great contest for liberty, by the arm of the yeomanry of New England—[applause]—and, with a heart full of American feeling, he comes here to-day, I am sure, to participate in as feeling a degree as any individual present, in all the enthusiasm—in all the grateful recollections—which this day and occasion are calculated to create [renewed cheering.] His Excellency the Governor of the Commonwealth is also present; nor is it to be doubted that he too enters with a glow of enthusiastic feeling into an occasion intended to celebrate an event so highly honourable to the people of that commonwealth over which it is his good fortune to be called to preside. [Cheers.] Banners and flags, processions and badges, announce to us that with this multitude have come up thousands of the natives of New England resident in other States. Welcome, welcome, ye of kindred name and kindred blood! [great cheering.] From the broad savannahs of the South—from the fair regions of the West—from the thousands of Eastern origin who cultivate the rich and fertile valley of the Genesee, and live along the margin of our ocean Lakes—from the mountains of Pennsylvania—from the thronged and crowded cities of the coast—welcome—welcome! Wherever else you may be strangers, you are all at home here [most enthusiastic cheers—the ladies on the glacis waved their handkerchiefs.] You have a glorious ancestry of liberty—you bring with you names such as are found on the rolls of Lexington, and Concord, and Bunker Hill. You come here to this shrine of liberty near the family altars where your young lips were first taught to lip the name of God—near the temples of public worship where you received the first lessons of devotion—near the halls and colleges where you received your education. You come here, some of you, to be embraced once more by a Revolutionary father—to receive, perhaps, another and a last blessing, bestowed in love and tears, of an aged mother who has survived thus long to behold and enjoy your prosperity and happiness. If those family recollections—if those tender associations of early life have brought you here, with something of extraordinary alacrity, and given from you to us, and from

us to you, something of a peculiar and hearty greeting, it has extended to every American from every and any spot, who has come up here this day to tread this sacred field with American feeling, and who respire with pleasure an atmosphere redolent, of the sentiments of 1775, [cheers.] In the seventeen millions of happy people who compose our American community, there is not one man who has not an interest in that structure, just as there is not one who has not a deep and abiding interest in the events which it was designed to commemorate. The respectability, I may say the sublimity of the occasion, depends entirely on its nationality. It is all—Americans. Its sentiments are comprehensive enough to embrace the whole American family, from north to south, from east to west; and it will stand, I hope, for ever, emblematic of that Union which connects us together. And woe betide the man who comes up here to day with sentiments any less than wholly American. [Cheers.] Woe betide the man who shall venture to stand here with the strife of local jealousies, local feeling, or local enmities burning in his bosom. All our happiness and all our glory depend on our union. [Cheers.] That monument itself in all that is commendable in its sentiment and character, depends upon union.—[Cheers.] I do not mean to say that it would not keep its position if the states were rent asunder by faction or violence, I do not mean that the heaving earth would move it from its base, and that it would actually totter to its fall, if dismemberment should be the affliction of our land, and I cannot say that it would mingle its own fragments with those of a broken Constitution. But in the happening of such events, who is there that could dare to look up to it? [Great sensations.] Who is there that from beneath such a load of mortification and shame as would overwhelm him could approach to behold it? Who is there that would not expect his eyeballs to be seared by the intensity of its silent reproof? [Great applause.] For my part, I say, that if it be a misfortune, designed by Providence for me to see such a time, I will look at it no more—I will avert my eyes from it forever! [Great applause.] It is not as a mere military encounter of hostile armies that the battle of Bunker Hill finds its principal claims for commemoration and importance; yet, as a mere battle, there are circumstances attending it of an extraordinary character, and giving to it peculiar distinction. It was fought upon this eminence, in the neighbourhood of yonder city, in the presence of more spectators than there were combatants in the fight—men, and women, and children, drawn from their homes, filling the towers of the churches, covering the roofs of public dwellings, and all their residences, looking on for the result of a contest, of the consequence of which they had the deepest conviction. The 16th of June, under a bright sun, these fields exhibited nothing but verdure and culture; there was indeed note of awful preparation in Boston, all was peace; and the fields then rich with the loads of the early harvest, told of nothing but tranquillity. The morning of the 17th saw every thing changed; in the night redoubts had been thrown up by a few hardy men, under the direction of Prescott. In the dawn of the morning, being perceived by the enemy, a cannonade was immediately opened upon them from the floating batteries on the water, and the land on the other side of Charles' River. I suppose it would be difficult in a military point of view, to ascribe any just motive to either party for that conflict. It probably was not very important for the provincial army to hem in the British in Boston, by a force a little nearer, when that could probably have been expected by a force a little further in the rear. On the other hand, it is quite evident that if the British officers had had nothing else in view but to dislodge the occupants of Bunker Hill, the British commanded the waters, the Mystic on one side, and the Charles' River on their other; and as those two rivers approached each other, it was perfectly competent to cut off all communication, and reduce Prescott to famine in eight and forty hours. But that was not the day for such a sort of calculation on either side. The truth is, both parties were ready, and anxious, and determined to try the strength of their arms. The pride of the British would not submit that a redoubt of the rebels, as they were called, should be here, and stand in their very face and defy them to their teeth. Without calculating the cost, or caring for it, their object was to destroy the redoubt at once by the power of the Royal Army, and take vengeance as well as attain security. On the other side, Prescott and his gallant followers, fully persuaded that the time was near when the existing controversy must break out into open hostilities, long thirsted for the contest. They wished to try it, and to try it now; and that is the secret which placed Prescott there with his troops. [Cheers.] I will not attempt to describe what has so often been described better than I can do it. The cannonading from the water—the assaults from the land—the coolness with which the provincial army, if it might be so called, met the charge of the enemy, the valor with which they repulsed it, the second attack, the second repulse, the burning of Charlestown, and finally the closing scene at the retreat of the Militia of New England over the Neck, I shall not attempt to describe; but in its consequences the Battle of Bunker Hill stands amongst the most important that took place between rival States. It was the first great controversy in the Revolutionary war, and in my judgment it was not only the first blow struck in that war, but it was the blow that determined the issue of that contest. [Cheers.] It certainly did not put an end to the war, but it put the country in a state of open hostility; it put the controversy between them to the arbitration of the sword, and made one thing certain—that after Warren fell—after the troops of the New England States had been able to meet and repulse the attack of the British regulars, it was certain that peace would never be established between the two countries except on the basis of an acknowledgment of American independence. When that sun went down the independence of these States was certain. [Cheers.] No great event of military magnitude took place between June '75 and '76, when independence was formally declared.—It rests, I know, on the most indomitable authority, that when General Washington, having just then received his appointment as Commander in Chief of the American army, heard of the battle of Bunker Hill, and was told that for want of ammunition and other causes the militia yielded the ground to the English troops, he asked if the militia of New England stood the fire of the British regular troops, and on being told that they did, and reserved their own until the enemy were within eight rods, and then discharged it with fearful effect, he then exclaimed—"The liberties of the country are safe!" [Enthusiastic cheering.] The consequences, then, of the battle of Bunker Hill are just of the importance of the American revolution itself. If there is nothing of value—if there is nothing worthy the regard of mankind in the very revolution itself—then there is nothing worthy of regard in the battle of Bunker Hill and the consequences flowing from it. But if the American revolution be an era in the history of man favourable to human happiness—if it be an event which has marked the progress of the human race from despotism to liberty—if it be an event which has shed a vast influence on not only this continent but the world—then that monument is not raised without cause—then is Bunker Hill not unworthy of perpetual memorial. What then is the principle of the American revolution, and of this system of political government, which it has established and conformed? Now the truth is that the American Revolution was not caused by any instantaneous adoption of a theory of government which had ever before entered into the minds of men,

nor the embracing the ideas and sentiments of liberty before altogether unknown. On the contrary, it was but the better development and application of sentiments and opinions, which had had their origin far back in American and English history. The discovery of America, its colonization by the several States of Europe, the history of the colonies from the time of their establishment to the time when the principal of them threw off their allegiance to the States by which they had been planted, constitute a train of events among the most important recorded in human annals. These events occupied 300 years, during which whole period knowledge made steady progress in the old world; so that Europe herself at the time of the establishment of the New England States and Virginia, had been greatly changed from that of Europe, which had commenced the colonization of the continent three hundred years before. And what is most material to my purpose is, that in the first of these centuries—that is to say, from the discovery of America to the settlement of Virginia and Massachusetts—the events occurred especially in England and some parts of the continent of Europe which materially changed the whole condition of society. Now we know that, after some few attempts in the reign of Henry VII. to plant colonies in America, no effective effort was made for that purpose, either by the crown or the subjects under its protection, for almost a century. Without inquiring into the cause of this long delay, its consequences are sufficiently clear and striking. England, in this lapse of a century, unknown to herself, was becoming fit and competent to colonize North America; and men were training for that purpose, competent to introduce the English name and the Anglo-Saxon race into a great portion of this western world. The commercial spirit was much encouraged by several laws passed in the reign of Henry VII., and countenance was given also to arts and manufactures in the eastern counties of England; and some not unimportant modifications of the Feudal System were effected by the power of breaking the entailment of estates. These, and other measures at that period, and other causes, produced a new class of society, and caused it to emerge from the bosom of the Feudal System. And this itself, on the community of Europe. Thus was a commercial or middle class—a class neither barons nor great landowners on the one side, nor on the other mere retainers of the great barons or the crown; but a class of industry, of commerce, of education, thus produced—a change on the face of Europe. Operative causes were arising and our land produced an effect, which from the accession of Henry VII. to the breaking out of the civil wars enabled them to enjoy much more of peace than during the controversy of the Houses of York and Lancaster. Causes of another description also came into play—the reformation of Luther broke out kindling up the minds of men afresh, leading to new habits of thought and dissension, and the waking energies of individuals that before were wholly unknown even to themselves. The religious controversies of that period changed the state as well as religion, and indeed it were easy to prove, if this were the proper occasion, that they changed the state in instances in which they did not change the religion of the state. The spirit of foreign commercial enterprise and adventure followed the revival of commerce.

This spirit, on the one hand was the spirit of commercial enterprise which had gained much strength and influence since the discovery of America, and on the other the spirit of religious reformation, were the great causes of the introduction of English Colonists into what is now called the United States. Sir Walter Raleigh and his associates, who settled Virginia, may be considered the creation of the first of these causes; that is, the spirit of adventure mixed with the hope of commercial gain, and seduced too much by the expectation of discovering mines of great wealth in America. They were not unwilling also to diversify their pursuits of colonization by occasional cruizings against the Spaniards. They therefore crossed the ocean with a frequency and a daring which may well surprise us, when we consider the state of navigation of that day. It was the other cause that settled New England. When the Mayflower sought our shores, she came with no high hopes of commercial gain—no love of gold—no mixture of purposes warlike or hostile to any human being. Solemn prayer to God at her departure from the sea coast of Holland had invoked for her the blessings of Heaven. She put forth, like the dove from the ark, in pursuit only of rest. The stars that guided her course were the unobscured constellation of religion and liberty. Her deck was the altar of the living God. Prayers, from bended knees, morning and evening, mingled with the voices of ocean and the sighing of winds through her shrouds. If prosperous breezes filled her sails and carried the pilgrims forward to their unknown homes in a distant land, it awakened in them new anthems of praise; and if the elements were wrought into fury—if the sea tossed their fragile bark from billow to billow, like a reed or a feather; not all the power of the tempest, not the darkness and the howling of the midnight storm, could shake a man or woman from the firm purpose of the soul to undergo all, and to do all that the meekest patience, the boldest resolution, and the steadiest reliance on heaven could enable human beings to suffer or to perform. [Loud and long continued cheers.] For they knew that while they had perilous duties to perform, and unknown destinies to encounter, yet that the power of Almighty God was always over them, and that living or dying, on the sea or on the land, they were always compassed in the arms of everlasting love. [Great applause.] Some differences may doubtless be traced through all the course of their history, and even at this day between the colonists of Virginia and New England, owing to the different circumstances on which the settlements were made. But these differences are only enough to create a pleasing variety in the members of a large family.

"—facies, non omibus, una,

Nec diversa, tamen, qualem decet esse sororum."

[Applause on the platform.]

The hopes, sentiments and objects of both soon became modified by local causes, growing out of the condition of the New World, and the differences so apparent, at first, gradually disappeared in the progress of time. The necessity of some degree of union to defend themselves against the savage tribe tended to promote mutual regard. They fought together in the wars against France. Then the consolations of a common religion created new links of concord—fully, happily, gloriously preserved in the form of government, which now makes them the great republic of the world, and proclaims to the whole earth that for them there is only one country, one constitution, and one destiny. [Great cheering.] The colonization of the Tropical regions of this continent was conducted on other principles—other motives followed by far other consequences. From the time of its discovery, the Spanish Government diligently rushed forward its settlements in America, not only with spirit, but with eagerness—for long before the English settlement in the United States, Spain had conquered Mexico, Peru and Chili, and had extended her power over all she had ever acquired on this continent. As early as 1630 or 1632, just about the time of the settlement of this colony of Massachusetts, Spain had taken possession, actively or formally, of every foot of territory between Florida and Cape Horn. The rapidity of these conquests was greatly to be ascribed to the eagerness of bands of adventurers anxious to subdue and take possession of great regions in the

name of Spain, expecting to discover mines of gold and silver. From these facts we see that the love of gold—not produced by industry or commerce—but dug from its native beds of earth, and earth ravished from its rightful possessors, by every possible degree of crime and oppression, formed, long the governing principle of Spaniards in America. Even Columbus himself did not escape this thirst for gold. We find him enquiring every where for gold, as if God had opened the new world to the old, only for base and sordid purposes, and the sacrifice of millions by the sword. And yet Columbus was far in advance of his age and his country. He was a man of indomitable enterprise, of high hopes and noble aspirations, and of intellectual talent of an extraordinary character as his history shows. Probably he was in the habit of addressing mercenary motives to others, not so much because they influenced himself, as because they were most likely to operate with effect on those on whose assistance and co-operation he was obliged to depend. No doubt, however, he looked on the world newly discovered, as one to be seized, and ready to be enjoyed. The robbery and destruction of the native races, was the achievement of standing armies—a power which despotism has always endeavored to retain. As there was no liberty in Spain, Spain could transmit no liberty to America. The colonists of New England on the other hand, were of the middle, industrious, hardy, prosperous classes—inhabitants of commercial and manufacturing cities, amongst whom liberty first revived and respired after a sleep of a thousand years in the bosom of the dark ages. Spain descended on America in the mail-clad limbs and terrible visage of her despotic monarchy—England in the more grateful garb of popular right and personal freedom. England transplanted liberty to America—Spain despotic power. England colonized her settlements with industrious pioneers, who recognized the rights of the soil, treated the savages with humanity, and endeavored to introduce the blessing of civilization. But Spain was like a falcon on its prey. Every thing was force. The territories were acquired by fire and sword—hundreds of thousands of human beings fell by fire and sword—even the work of conversion to Christian faith was attempted by fire and sword. Behold then fellow citizens, the difference resulting from the operation of these two principles. Here to-day on the summit of Bunker Hill, at the foot of the Monument, behold the difference! and I would wish that the thousands assembled here could proclaim it in a voice that would be heard all over the globe. (Terrific cheering.) Our inheritance was of liberty—liberty secured and regulated by law and enlightened and ennobled by knowledge and religion. The inheritance of South America was of power—strong, unrelenting, tyrannical military power. And now look to the results which have been developed by the operation of these antagonist principles on the two ends of the continent. (Cheers.)—I suppose that the United States may compose one eighth or one tenth part of the territory embraced within the Spanish dominions of South America. Yet in all that region, there is not probably at this moment more than one or two millions of human beings of European color and blood; whilst here in the 8th or 10th part the same surface there are, thank God! fourteen millions of intelligent, happy, and prosperous citizens of a free State.

But let me follow the principle of this colonization, somewhat farther. We must look not only into its effects in the greater or less multiplication of men, but consider its consequence in reference to civilization, and the moral improvement and happiness of mankind. Let me inquire what progress was made in the true science of liberty and knowledge of government, even in those new republics which have grown up under the shadow of the Spanish monarchy. I would not, on this occasion, willingly say anything discourteous of these governments. They are yet on trial, and I wish it may have a successful issue. But truth, and a fidelity to the cause of true liberty, from which I shall never falter, compel me to say here, and in the face of the world, that these new republics of South America have shewn themselves but too much disposed to partake of the sentiments and purposes of that absolute monarchy from which they have freed themselves.—They are far too fond of Military power. Standing armies are the appropriate instruments of arbitrary and monarchical governments. They are altogether out of place in the ordinary administration of the affairs of republics. Contrast, again, the difference as respects the public provision for the education of the children of the people. These fields are all verdant, because they are tilled by the hands of freedom—owners of the soil. (Cheers.) These are they who render a State flourishing and happy. They dread no serried lines or exacting armed forces. Order, and law, and security universally prevail. See the thousand ships that fill our harbours. Here is the best home of industry. Every where and more than all, see in every human countenance, proof that the whole community is made up of independent self-respecting men. [Great applause.] See the procession of thousands of our youth, poured out from the Common Schools—those nurseries of New England literature and New England virtue—which have so long flourished amongst you. We may look in vain for anything approaching to a resemblance of this in any part of this country, except that portion originally settled under the genial influence of civil and religious liberty. Over us the genius of liberty hovers with eye ever watchful, and her eagle wing ever wide out spread. [Enthusiastic applause.] There are few topics more inviting than the influence of the new world on the old. The occasion forbids me entering upon it. Her obligations to England for the arts—for literature, and laws, and manners—America acknowledges, as she ought, with gratitude; and the people of the United States—descendants of English stock—acknowledge also with filial regard, that under the culture of such men as Hampden and Sidney, and other assiduous friends, the seed of liberty first germinated, which now overshadows the whole land. But America has not failed to make returns. If she had not cancelled the obligation, she has at least made respectable advances to equality. And she admits that as a nation, she has a high part to act for the general advancement of human interest and welfare. American mines have filled the mints of Europe with precious metals: and the markets of the old world have received the richest products of her climate. Birds and animals of beauty and value have been added to European collections; transplants from the transcendent and uncounted treasures of our forests have mingled their glories with the elms and ashes and classic oaks of England. But who can estimate the amount or value of the augmentation of the commerce of the world that has resulted from America? Who could imagine the shock to the Eastern Continent if the Atlantic were no longer traversable, or there were no longer American productions or American markets.

America exercises an influence, and holds out an example of still higher character, because of a political nature. She has furnished proof of the fact that a population, founded on equality—on the principle of representation—is fully capable of fulfilling all the purposes of government—that it is practicable to elevate the masses of mankind—to raise them to self-respect—to make them competent to act in the great duty of self-government. This she has shown can be done by the diffusion of knowledge and education. But, my friends, America has done more. America has furnished Europe and the world with the character of Washington. [Great cheering.] And if our institutions had done nothing else, they would have deserved the respect of mankind. [Cheers.] Wash-

ington—[three long continued cheers]—Washington—first in war, first in peace, and first in the hearts of his countrymen—Washington is all our own. [Enthusiastic applause.] And the veneration and love entertained for him by the people of the U. States are proof that they are worthy of such a countryman.—[Renewed applause.] I would cheerfully put the question to-day to the intelligent men of all Europe—I will say to the intelligent of the whole world—what character of the century stands out in the relief of history, most pure, most respectable, most sublime—and I doubt not that by a suffrage approaching to unanimity, the answer would be Washington. [Cheering.] That monument itself is not an unfit emblem of his character, by its uprightness, its solidity, its durability. [Long continued applause.] His public virtues and public principles were as firm and fixed as the earth on which that structure rests—his personal motives as pure as the serene Heavens in which its summit is lost. [Great applause.] But indeed it is not an adequate emblem. Towering far above this column that our hands have built, beheld not by the citizens of a single city or a single State, but by all the families of man, ascends the colossal grandeur of the character and life of Washington. [Enthusiastic applause.] In all its constituent parts—in all its acts—in all its toils—universal love and admiration, it is an American production. [Deafening applause.] Born upon our soil; of parents born upon our soil—never having for a single day had a sight of the old world—reared amid our gigantic scenery—instructed according to the modes of the time in the spare but wholesome elementary knowledge which the institutions of the country furnish for all the children of the people—brought up beneath and penetrated by the genial influence of American society—partaking our great destiny of labor—partaking and leading in that agency of our glory, the War of Independence—partaking and leading in that great victory of peace the establishment of the present Constitution—behold him, altogether an American. [Deafening applause.] That glorious life—

"Where multitudes of virtues passed along,
Each pressing foremost in the mighty throng—
Contending to be seen, then making room
For the multitudes which were to come,"—

that life in all its purity—in all its elevation—in all its grandeur—was the life of an American citizen—[great cheers]—I claim him—I claim Washington—wholly for America—and amidst the perilous and darkened hours of the night—in the midst of the reproaches of enemies, and the misgivings of friends, I turn to that transcendent name, for courage and consolation. To him who denies that our transatlantic liberty can be combined with law and order, and security of property, and power and reputation—to him who denies that our institutions can produce an exaltation of soul, or passion for true glory—to him who denies that America has contributed anything to the stock of great lessons and great examples—to all these I reply by pointing to the character of Washington. It is time that I should draw this discourse to a close. We have indulged in gratifying recollections of the past. We have enjoyed the consciousness of present prosperity and happiness. We have pleased ourselves with well founded hope of the future. Let us remember as responsible beings that we have duties and obligations resting upon us, corresponding to the blessings which Heaven has favoured us. And let us, to the extent of our powers, with all the ability with which we are gifted, exert ourselves to keep alive a just tone of moral sentiment—to inspire regard for religion and morality—and a true and generous love of liberty, regulated by law, and enlightened by knowledge and truth. Let us remember the great truth that communities are responsible as well as individuals—that without unspotted public faith, fidelity, honour and truth, it is not in the power of constitutions, forms of government, or all the machinery of law to give dignity and respectability to any political State. Let us hope therefore, that we may look forward, not to a degraded but to an improved and elevated future—that when we die, and our children shall all have been consigned to the house appointed for all living, there may be a zealous, a fervid love of country and an equally fervid pride of country, in the bosoms of all those who shall bear our name, or inherit our blood! and ages and ages hence when honored and consecrated age shall lean upon the base of that monument, and ingenuous youth shall throng around it, and it shall speak to them of its object—its glory—and the great events which it was intended to signalize and to perpetuate, then shall there arise an ejaculation from every faithful breast—"Thank God! that I—I also am an American citizen!"

The orator here ceased—and the heavens rang with the shout of the vast multitude.

Before Mr. Webster reached his seat the President started to his feet, and stepping forward seized Mr. Webster's hand, and shook it with great warmth.

Mr. Webster spoke nearly two hours, and when he ended, it was within a few minutes of 4 o'clock.

Imperial Parliament.

IRISH ARMS BILL—STATE OF IRELAND.

The debate on this bill has extended to some length. In principle it is only a continuation of the policy that has been preserved since the Revolution of 1688. From that period it has been found expedient to forbid, in terms more or less general and severe, the possession of arms in Ireland, without a license to be granted by the local magistracy. The acts for this purpose are passed but for a limited time, and so have to come frequently under the review of the Legislature when their continuation is applied for. For nearly half a century the provisions of the Arms Bill have been substantially the same, and subject any persons possessing arms without a license to certain penalties of fine or imprisonment. The late Ministry silently continued the Act, and for some years past little or no discussion has attended its several stages through the Legislature. The chief novelty in the present measure is that it provides, for reasons urged in the debate, that all arms shall be branded with the name of the party licensed to bear them. In other respects the bill only aims at more effectually carrying out the object of former enactments. A vehement opposition has now been raised against it; the Radical Irish party making it a pretence to declaim against what they term English domination and injustice to Ireland. They have been supported by some members of the late Administration and their adherents. But the Opposition is too disunited to be very effective; Whig leaders seem divided between their wish to distress the Government and their desire to preserve some appearance of consistency. To openly oppose a measure whose principles they have repeatedly sanctioned would appear clearly factious, but to favour it would expose them to the wrath of the Irish agitators, and, to some extent, prevent them making the most of the alarming movements that distract that country. The position of parties on this question has only been glanced at. Their views will be found fully developed in the debate that follows.

On Monday, (May 29,) Lord ELLIOT moved the second reading of the Irish

Arms Bill. He reminded the House that from the passing of the Bill of Rights in 1688 to 1783, when the law was slightly relaxed, no Roman Catholic was allowed to possess arms. Since 1783 various measures had been passed regulating the importation of arms into Ireland, and their registration in that country. After the expiration of the acts passed by the Irish Parliament before the union, the Duke of Wellington, then Sir Arthur Wellesley, and Chief Secretary of Ireland, introduced a bill for improving and incorporating all other acts on the subject, and this statute, 47 George III., c. 54, had prevailed, with slight modifications, ever since. He found at the back of the Arms Bill for 1838 the names of Lord Morpeth and Lord J. Russell. With respect to the present bill, it had the same object in view as all previous measures—to prevent the possession of arms by improper persons; but it professed to carry out that object in a more efficient manner. To show that some additional regulations were necessary he would read to the House the opinions of Colonel Macgregor, the able and experienced head of the Irish constabulary force, and of Colonel Millar, the second in command. Col. Macgregor wrote:—

"I have forwarded to the Irish Office, according to your wish, numerous constabulary reports connected with the illegal possession of arms; and I may embrace this opportunity of expressing my conviction that an amendment of the present Arms Act is imperatively called for. There can be no question, from the information I have received, that vast numbers of unregistered arms are in the hands of the people, and are frequently applied, as the reports of crime will show, to the worst purposes. Few of the parties engaged in house attacks, or in visiting houses by night, either for objects of revenge of intimidation, go unarmed; and I conceive that the possession of arms by all such tends, in many instances, to stimulate them to outrages of a character which they might not venture to perpetrate were they not thereby inspired with additional confidence. Besides, it is supposed, and I fear with reason, that some of the most murderous deeds are carried into effect by means of registered arms that have been lent from fear, or favour, or even more questionable motives. Yet the present enactment makes no provision for identifying such arms. A man, indeed, may be detected with an unregistered gun, and be made to suffer the penalty due to such an offence; but, unless the arms be branded, it seems impossible to trace them to their owners, and thereby discover whether they have been either improperly lent or stolen. Under the present act a constable may meet the greatest ruffian in his county with a gun in his hand, which he is morally certain is not registered, at least in his own name, yet he has no power to detain him, nor to summon him with a reasonable prospect of procuring a conviction. Searches, too, for arms are rendered comparatively so ineffectual by the circuitous and, in some parts of the country, the almost impracticable process required by the act, that the chief advantage of undertaking them seems to consist in the expectation that the arms in the district so visited will be secreted, for some time, in bogs and similar places of concealment, where they will become unserviceable."

Col. Millar's opinion was similar. He wrote:—

"I believe myself warranted in stating that almost all the experienced stipendiary magistrates and officers of constabulary concur in thinking—apart from all merely political considerations, and looking only to what is of daily occurrence—that the existing statutory enactments are inadequate, and that more efficient legislative provisions to regulate the possession of arms are urgently required; and, as a means of preventing the lending of registered arms, of tracing and recovering arms which have been stolen, and of detecting the unlicensed holder of arms, the proposed system of branding them seems to me the only efficacious regulation which can be adopted. In furnishing this hasty report at your lordship's desire, I trust I shall not be supposed to have formed a harsh estimate of the Irish peasantry. The course of my duties has made me familiar with all parts of Ireland, and no one can regard more highly the many admirable qualities which the rural population of the country possess—their cheerful endurance of privation and toil, their joyous gaiety of heart, and their kindness of disposition; and no one can more sincerely deplore the errors and failings by which many of them are disgraced."

The noble lord could give but a feeble idea of the extent to which the possession of arms by unlicensed persons was carried. The consequence was a frightful extent of crime, which it was dreadful to contemplate, but of which the returns in his hand gave a correct indication:—

The returns gave the following numbers, under the heads of shooting, stabbing with intent to kill, assault with intent to murder, conspiracy to murder, robbery of arms, administering unlawful oaths, &c. In 1838, 1,600; in 1839, 1,500; in 1840, 1,120; in 1841, 1,300; in 1842, 1,300; showing a decrease between 1838 and 1842, although leaving a sufficiently frightful amount of crime, arising, in his belief, in a great measure out of the possession of arms. There had also been laid on the table of the House a comparative statement of committals and convictions for murder in England and Wales, and in Ireland. In 1838 the number of committals in England and Wales had been 75, in 25 of which the criminals were condemned; in Ireland, 169, with eight convictions; in 1839 the committals were 46 in England and 286 in Ireland, with 13 convictions in England and 32 in Ireland; in 1840, 54 committals and 18 convictions in England, 125 committals and 15 convictions in Ireland; in 1841, 66 committals and 20 convictions in England, 120 committals and 18 convictions in Ireland; 1842, 67 committals and 16 convictions in England, 159 committals and 11 convictions in Ireland. The number of acquittals in England and Wales was 23 per cent.; in Ireland, 53 per cent. He might assume he had proved that a very considerable number of crimes in Ireland arose from the possession of weapons. He thought he had satisfied the House of the necessity of an enactment regulating the possession of arms, and that this necessity had been recognised in that country for a period of twenty years, by successive Governments of different political opinions, and Parliaments convened under different circumstances.

As some doubt existed, even at the present time, whether Roman Catholics, not possessed of a certain amount of property, were qualified to possess arms, he proposed to put an end to that doubt, and to place them on exactly the same footing as Protestants. Instead of an affidavit deposing that the applicant for license to possess arms was qualified by law, he proposed to substitute a certificate by two respectable householders, that the applicant was a fit person to be intrusted with arms, the regulations for all classes of the people being precisely the same. The only other alteration of much importance which he proposed to make from previous bills, was by the introduction of what was termed the branding clause, respecting which a few words of explanation were necessary.

The Government had been assured by the officers of constabulary and police throughout the country, that it was impossible to place a restriction upon the possession of arms so long as they were not susceptible of identity. Now, such articles as watches might be traced because they were numbered, but, at present, it was impracticable to do so in the case of arms, for the want of distinctive marks. There was also another defect in the law. In its present state

an individual, not being licensed to carry arms, might, if he thought proper, have the arms of some licensed person; and if a constable, who knew the person having the gun in his possession to be a suspicious character, met him, that constable had no power to bring him to punishment, or even to ask him by what means he became possessed of the weapon. Now, by the present bill, it was proposed to make it a punishable offence for a man to bear arms without being licensed, and unless the arms were properly registered. The only means of ascertaining whether the arms were or not properly registered, was to insist upon there being some peculiar distinguishing mark. In this provision there was to be no distinction made between the arms of the rich and the poor: all guns whatsoever, whether for the purpose of sporting or not, were to be subject to the same process of branding. Now, he thought when honorable members considered this part of the subject, if they were satisfied that the circumstances of the country required that some restriction should be placed upon the possession of arms, they would not object to the provision being made effectual.

To render the search for unregistered arms more prompt and effectual, he provided, by the present bill, that a warrant signed by one magistrate should be sufficient, instead of by two, by which means time would be saved; and it was also enacted that retail dealers should be prohibited, under penalties, from selling gunpowder to any but licensed persons. In other respects the bill modified the stringent clauses of former statutes; it rendered the removal of arms more convenient, and it gave a discretionary power of transportation or imprisonment for the possession of illegal weapons, as pikes, daggers, &c., where before the infliction of the heavier punishment was compulsory. He had stated the alterations made in his bill, but he wished the House to recollect that, in voting for it, they did not sanction its details. Their vote would only amount to this, that the importation of arms into Ireland, and their possession in that country, ought not to exist without restriction. The existing laws were about to expire, and if this, or a similar measure, were not passed, all restrictions would be removed. For his own part, he should not shrink from the responsibility of proposing a measure which in his conscience he believed to be necessary for the maintenance of law and order in Ireland—(Cheers.)

Mr. S. CRAWFORD said, it was impossible not to admire the good feeling and conciliatory tone displayed by the noble lord in his speech of that night; but he, nevertheless, felt it his duty to move that the bill be read a second time that day six months. He objected to the bill upon principle, for he objected to the system of injustice and oppression by which Ireland had been governed. The question raised upon the present bill was, whether that country was to be kept under coercion and force. A very short examination of the bill would show that no minister would dare to insult the people of England by proposing a similar measure for them.

The first clause provided that any person desirous of obtaining a license for arms must obtain and produce to the justices a certificate from two householders, rated at £20 or upwards. Now, he had never before heard of such a provision as that. What would be the consequence? That in a district which, for the sake of distinction, he would call an Orange district, where the Roman Catholics were of the poorer classes, and few in number, they would not be able to command the required certificates; to them the Orange party would refuse the certificates, while they would grant them to the lowest of their own class. The attendances rendered necessary by the eighth, or branding clause, were most vexatious. The seventeenth clause also was vexatious, enacting that if a person licensed to bear arms died, no penalty should be incurred for fourteen days by those who retained the arms of the deceased, but that, within that time, the arms must be sold, or deposited with the police, unless the license be assigned within the prescribed period to some inmate of the dwelling of the deceased person. So that, however a man might be distressed or encumbered with debts, he must be put to an expense for this purpose. The penalty for having unlicensed arms was, for the first offence, £10, and for the second £20. There was a most oppressive provision in the 48th clause, by which a justice was empowered to imprison a man for the space of seven days, until the return to the warrant of distress upon the offender's chattels for the penalty could be made. But there was another provision in the bill. Justices or police-officers might enter by force into the house of a man even at night to make search for arms; and if any person above the age of 16 years should, upon being interrogated by the person authorised to make such search, deny that any arms, weapons, bullets or ammunition were upon the premises, and afterwards such matters should be found therein, that person should be liable to a penalty of £20. It was true that there was a provision that a person should not be liable to the penalties unless he had a guilty knowledge; but how was the guilty knowledge to be ascertained? Then, by the 14th clause, a person carrying arms might be called upon by a constable to deliver them up; he was then called upon to show that he had a license, so that a person must always carry his license in his pocket; he must then give his name and place of abode, and if the constable chooses to consider the description untrue, he could take the person and keep him in custody for twenty-four hours before he took him before a magistrate. The magistrate might then demand security for his appearance at the petty sessions, and if the prisoner failed in obtaining such security he might be committed to gaol.

The hon. member proceeded to comment on other minor provisions of the bill, and matters of detail, and declared that, even if carried, it would have no effect in repressing outrage, so long as the present relationship between landlord and tenant continued. He then went over the list of Irish grievances, beginning with the Church:—

What was the first great grievance of the Irish people? The law-church, the church as by law established, contrary to the wishes and faith of the vast majority. Some measures indeed had been proposed, but they had been rejected by the House of Lords; and although the burden for the support of the law-church had been apparently thrown upon the landlord, the tenant knew well that sooner or later it came out of his pocket. In fact the whole cost of a church for one-tenth of the population was thrown upon the whole body of the nation. What just grievance then had been redressed? It might be said that a poor-law had been passed for Ireland; but what sort of a poor-law was it? It was a poor-law that gave satisfaction to no class of the community; it was a poor-law that pretended to relieve, and gave no relief—that, instead of providing for the necessitous, shut up a portion of the people in prison-houses. The Irish poor-law provided no means for employing the poor, a point that had been entirely neglected, although it had been so strongly recommended by the poor-law commissioners. Thus, in fact, Ireland had been mocked by the pretence of a law for the relief of the poor. In consequence of the address to the Crown in 1834, promising redress of grievances, repeal agitation had been discontinued in Ireland for six years; recently it had been revived, and now the reply to the claim was the production of an Arms Bill. Such was the treatment Ireland had received in consequence of the agitation which the House itself, by its bad legislation, had excited. The Arms Bill was to be imposed upon the whole of Ireland for the delinquency, or supposed delinquency, of four or five counties.

The true mode of governing Ireland was to reduce her to submission by kindness and impartiality, by passing good laws, and by assimilating her situation to that of England. So long as a system of coercion was acted on, Ireland would continue in a state of discontent which nothing could repress but military domination. He moved that the bill be read a second time on this day six months.

Lord CLEMENTS seconded the amendment, and expressed his sorrow that it was not proposed that the Sergeant-at-Arms be directed to kick the bill out at the door. Thanks were certainly due to the noble Secretary for Ireland for the gentle and persuasive manner in which he had introduced the monster into the House; but now he was here it was fit to meet him and grapple with him in a mode becoming his strength and hideousness. It was melancholy to see the Government bringing forward such a measure, instead of amending the laws relating to tolls and customs, the source of so much discontent. Why not also amend the Grand Jury laws? bring in their promised Registration Bill? or the Charitable Loan Funds Bill? or a bill for the abolition of that nuisance the manor courts? To such an extent were Irish affairs neglected, and left in the hands of subordinate functionaries, that not even the Irish census was yet forthcoming, and even this important bill was brought forward in the Epseom week. It was absurd to say worse outrages were committed in Ireland than in England: were not people shot at in the streets of London and Manchester?—

Let them recollect the melancholy case of Mr. Drummond. Not long ago a clergyman was shot at, in the neighbourhood of London, through his window, when retiring to rest. Let them recollect the outrages, committed on the person of the Sovereign. What was the act the right hon. baronet brought in for the better protection of her Majesty's life? Was it a bill of this sort? Was it a bill of pains and penalties on all England? Were all the pistols in England to be branded because a parcel of boys, or what they called madmen, had been guilty of such atrocities? Murder, when committed in England, was said to be done by madmen, and all the murders in Ireland were attributed to Roman Catholics. He questioned the accuracy of both representations. The right hon. baronet had enacted a whipping at the cart's tail for the offence of firing at her Majesty; but the life of a squireen in Tipperary, it seemed, was of more importance, than that of her Majesty—"oh, oh!" and, therefore, they were to have this Arms Bill—"Oh, oh!"

He contended that the present measure would be useless, as the magistrates would find it impossible to enforce its provisions, and increased discontent would be the only consequence. The noble lord concluded by seconding the amendment.

Mr. SHEIL spoke with much warmth and energy against the bill. The only way to secure tranquillity in Ireland was to administer justice impartially. An Arms Bill would only aggravate the evil it was intended to cure. He stated some measures which he thought necessary for the more effectual administration of the law, such as compelling persons to serve on juries, and providing for witnesses in a foreign country. By a firm yet conciliating policy, Ireland might be tranquillized, and agitation repressed. Under the late Government she was tranquil. Why not, therefore, restore her the rulers she desired, and insure her a return of peace and tranquillity? The Hon. Member concluded by contrasting the spectacle presented to the eye of her Majesty by Ireland under the late and present Administration:—

To that change (addressing Sir Robert Peel)—to that change you cannot be insensible [loud cheers]; and for my part I cannot help indulging in the conjecture, that in return for your advice you received from your Queen a reciprocal admonition. Did she not tell you—or if she did not, did not your own conscience tell you—to look on Ireland and compare her condition under a Whig and under a Conservative administration?—[loud and protracted cheering.] Have you not a monitor within you that puts to you some serious interrogatories, and that, among other things, suggests to you to inquire how it comes to pass that you have determined to follow in Ireland a policy so similar to that which you have just had the magnanimity to abandon in Canada?—[hear, hear.] Canada you once governed on the same principles you are now applying to the sister kingdom; and what was the consequence? Hatred to England—attachment to America—a passion for democracy—disastrous divisions—and, ultimately, a sanguinary revolt. Since then you have been better taught by experience—that best, though most costly of mistresses. You have altered your policy—you have got rid of the "family compact"—you have conciliated the people—you have placed in their executive a man of principle, one who, I believe, does not belong to your party, but whose virtues, whose talents, and whose business-like habits recommended him to your notice. Nay, you have done more than all this, for you have placed in the councils of the governor men who, not long ago, were pursued even to the death, but your confidence in whom has not been in any way abused [cheers.] When, on Tuesday night last, I heard you announce the principles on which Canada is in future to be governed, I could not help exclaiming, "Oh, that Ireland was to be similarly treated!"—[loud applause.] That prayer I now repeat. Go and do the same by Ireland, but with this one difference—do it without rebellion [repeated cheers.] Oh! do us justice! Dismiss from your councils the faction whose advice has been the tomb of every administration that has confided in it! Banish from the Castle all Orangemen, however masked, however disguised! Be it your glory to follow up the great measure of Catholic emancipation, which it was your fortune to have passed! Place Irishmen in contact, not in opposition! Reform your Church! Conciliate the Catholic priesthood [loud ironical cheers from the ministerial, re-echoed from the opposition side], and by these measures, and such as these, disarm us, disarm the people of—I will tell you what weapons—not those against which this miserable statute is directed, but those which reason supplies from the great arsenal of truth [loud and protracted cheers.] Oh! do this; and if you do it, mark me! you will do more to secure the tranquillity of Ireland, the stability of the empire, and the renown to which no noble-minded man is insensible, than if by measures of coercion, by this Arms Bill, by your whole retinue of oppression, you inflict on us a false, an illusory, a deceptive tranquillity, which all philosophy, which the history of the world, the experience of mankind—nay, which your own experience might teach you, is sure to be succeeded by calamities far greater than those which went before it. [The Hon. and Learned Gentleman sat down amid the most vehement applause.]

Mr. SMITH (the Attorney-General for Ireland) said he would refer, in support of the bill, to the authority of Mr. Sheil himself. A former Arms Act was on the point of expiring in 1838; it was renewed by the Whig Government; the bill for that renewal went through every one of its stages; and in not one of them did Mr. Sheil say a single word against that violation of the constitution of which he now so vehemently complained. In 1839 he became a member of the Whig Government; in 1840, that Government again renewed the bill; and still Mr. Sheil did not, nor did any one of the Irish members, open his lips upon it. In the first session of 1841, the same Government brought in another Arms Bill, making provisions more stringent than before; that was the

bill now about to expire; and against it, neither Mr. Sheil nor any other Irish member said one syllable, though Mr. Hume called the attention of the House to it in an especial manner. Mr. Smith then instanced a great number of cases, showing the prevalence and violence of outrage in Ireland, and the consequent necessity of this preventive measure. Before the plea of justice to Ireland was set up, we ought to know what was meant by that sort of justice. In the very year succeeding the Queen's letter just quoted, the Precursor Association was set up. The objects of the present repeal agitators were—first, the total abolition of the Tithe Commutation Rent-charge; next, the extension of the Parliamentary suffrage to all the sane male adults not convicted of a crime; next, fixity of tenure; a phrase meaning the transfer of the whole landed property of Ireland from the landlord to the tenant—and with these were required vote by ballot, and one or two other extreme propositions of the same class. This measure had been in existence, with little intermission, for almost a century: its necessity was cogent; and though at so late an hour he should not attempt to analyse its details, he was prepared to vote for its second reading.

Lord JOHN RUSSELL admitted that it was unquestionably true that the late Government had, in 1838 and 1840, brought in bills similar in their provisions to the present one. As the Irish Attorney-General had put his argument, not upon the merits of the bill or its present necessity, but mainly on the course taken by the late Government, he begged to have an opportunity of justifying the course which, as a member of that Government, he had pursued. The policy and circumstances under which the late Government had to legislate were widely different from those under which the present legislation was brought forward. At their accession Ireland had long been misgoverned; it was necessary to bring her round; but that was a work requiring a mixed policy—kindness to the people, but repression of those who had been but too long accustomed to violence. In this policy he, as Home Secretary, and Lords Normanby and Morpeth, had been well seconded by the late Sir Michael O'Loughlin, whose memory was now justly revered. They also had filled offices with men in whom their countrymen had confidence, and the sympathies of the people of Ireland had been won over; and as these should have been more and more secured, it would have become practicable from time to time to let go the harsher measures. But when a new Arms Act was introduced, he would ask whether any attempt was now making to conciliate those popular sympathies? The existing Government had not carried out this policy; they had filled the bench of justice with individuals whose attachments were not with the majority, but the minority; and their treatment of the Irish magistrates was not calculated to maintain public tranquillity. He could not vote against the second reading of the Arms Bill, but he warned the Government against resting on such measures. As to the repeal of the union, he felt that the arguments against it were so strong, that he should not dread any discussion in Parliament on the subject. But he reminded the Ministerial side of the House of the unfair manner in which they used to treat the late Government, laying every outrage at its door, and seemingly rejoicing at the intelligence of a fresh one, in order to use it for a party purpose. Now that no party purpose was to be served, let them pursue a course which had formerly, and would again, promote tranquillity in Ireland; he was not afraid of a civil war, but he felt the importance of a conciliatory policy.

The debate was at a late hour adjourned; but the subject of Ireland came once more under discussion, on a motion of Mr. Smith O'Brien for certain returns, to exhibit, amongst other matters, the "name, native country, and religious persuasion" of individuals appointed to offices, or dismissed from them, in Ireland, by the present Government. The object intended was to show that Irishmen were overlooked in the distribution of patronage. After some discussion the motion was modified and agreed to.

On Tuesday the debate was resumed. The bill was opposed by Mr. ROSS, Mr. REDDINGTON, Mr. CAREW, Mr. SMITH O'BRIEN, Captain LA-YARD, and Mr. WATSON. They argued that if justice was done to Ireland, there would be no necessity for Arms Bills. During the late Government Ireland was tranquil, because there was an attempt to conciliate the people. Now it was disturbed from one end to the other, because the nation saw its feelings outraged. In favour of the bill, Mr. STAFFORD O'BRIEN, Col. CONOLLY, and Lord CLAUDE HAMILTON, urged that there was an absolute necessity for some restrictions on the use of arms in Ireland. The bill should be viewed not as a coercive measure, but as a protection to the innocent and well-disposed. Some of the clauses might be objectionable, and might be amended in committee, but to the principle of the bill they felt bound to give their assent.

Mr. C. BULLER thought the House should look less to the provisions of a bill of this kind than to the men by whom it was introduced:—

I say frankly that if this bill were brought in by Lord Morpeth, and if the powers to be exercised under it were to be exercised by Lord Morpeth, who so unquestionably enjoyed the confidence of the Irish people, I should think this bill a matter of perfect indifference—[Cheers from the ministerialists.] But, Sir, I look to what hands the powers given by this bill are to be committed. It cannot be denied—the gentlemen opposite have admitted—that it is restrictive of liberty—that its provisions go to enlarge the powers of the executive. Is it illogical, that before I assent to grant such powers, I should ask in what spirit they are to be exercised, and whether they are to be intrusted to a Government having the confidence of the majority of the Irish people, or of a minority detested by that people?—[A cry of "Oh," from the ministerial side, answered by cheers from the opposition.] On this plain ground I rest my opposition to a bill, of which I thought nothing when it was formerly brought before Parliament.

The disaffection which prevailed in Ireland at this moment was a decisive proof that the people had no confidence in the Government, and that they had good grounds for dissatisfaction:—

I perfectly admit that the late accounts are calculated to inspire the utmost terror. I believe such an organisation for effecting a change in the constitution was never before witnessed in any country, and could never be witnessed without its succeeding—[Loud cheers.] It is quite clear that it is the determination of the Irish people to reject all offers from the Government. It is quite clear they have no confidence in them—[Cheers from Opposition members.] It is quite clear that they look to nothing (that is, nine out of ten of the Irish people) but legislative separation from England as a remedy for all their evils. Now it is needless for an English member to argue against such a doctrine. None of us can say a word in favour of it. It has been fraught with unmixt evil; for it has been the domination of a great and powerful state, by which we have made hostile neighbours of those who ought to be our peaceful fellow-subjects—[Cheers.] One would think, supposing the Irish people were well governed, that, as the weaker and the poorer nation, they ought to feel the horror of separation much more strongly than we do. If the union had been productive of good government, the degradation of the empire, which must ensue from the repeal of it, might be expected to fall most heavily on that poorer portion, which ought to have enjoyed the benefit of our superior civilisation, strength,

and wealth. And when the lamentable fact is brought before you that, in spite of all these reasons, the people of Ireland wish (and no one can doubt it) for the repeal of the union, I ask you to explain this? I ask you what remedy you propose for such a state of things?—[Cheers.] Is it by such a bill as this that the disease in the mind of the nation is to be cured? Do you think it is by Arms Bills you can be restored to the affections of the Irish people?

He referred to the reports of the poor-law commissioners and other documents to show that, though the produce of Ireland had vastly augmented of late years, yet that the condition of the people had deteriorated. Much of this misery was to be attributed to the attempts persisted in to force a religion upon the people they disliked:—

In any other country the influence of religion—of a clergy trusted by the Government, and honoured by the people, would have some salutary influence in preserving order and attachment to the executive. You have an established church there, which is an insult and eyecore to the country—[Cries of "oh, oh," from the ministerial side, answered by loud cheers from the opposition.] Yes, I say the church of a minority is imposed on a reluctant people by arms and by Arms Bills—[Loud cheers.] Taking the funds destined by the bounty of our ancestors for religious instruction; taking them from the rightful owners, and expending them either in disgraceful absenteeism, or a yet more deplorable residence—[Cheers.] You have also a church whose priests are powerful in influence over the people; belonging to a religion that most readily allies itself with the state; a priesthood that have always been found the too willing agents of aristocracy and government. What have you done with regard to these men? By insult—by exclusion, you have made them the leaders of agitation, and the enemies of your Government—[Cheers.]

The popular leaders of the people—those who had won for them glorious political victories—had been disgraced, and every place had been filled by persons whom the Irish regarded as their enemies. A great crisis had now arrived in the affairs of Ireland, and he believed, that to preserve that country in intimate union with England, a civil and conciliatory policy must be pursued.

The truth is, if you wish to fight successfully against the repeal cry, you must put it down, not by Arms Bills, but by acting as Lord Normanby did in Ireland, and Sir Charles Bagot in Canada—[Loud cheers.] I speak earnestly, for I look on this as a great crisis in the affairs of Ireland. I never, in addressing myself to the Right Hon. Baronet (Sir R. Peel) have done so in terms of party acerbity and injustice. I think him to be influenced by higher motives than those which move inferior statesmen. I remember his avowal that he was actuated by the probable opinion of posterity, and by a desire for posthumous fame. I ask, how will posterity decide when the Right Hon. Baronet, summoned to its bar, is asked how he has governed Ireland? He must say, "I found her on my accession contented and obedient to the law, but in one year and a half of my rule I managed to alienate the people of Ireland from those of England—[Cheers.] I managed to raise the cry of repeal, which had completely died away."—[Cries of "Oh!"] And when asked what measures you brought forward to improve the condition of the people, you must reply, "I proposed, as proofs of my sagacity and wisdom, the Irish Spirits Bill and the Irish Arms Bill"—[Loud cheers.] I do think the Right Hon. Baronet means something better for Ireland. He has only, however, given us a hint of the worst part of his policy, this measure of coercion. You have omitted to say what measure for the improvement of the material condition, and the alleviation of the moral and social state of the people you mean to introduce. I will not adopt—until I see the vindication of your professions, by a larger spirit of legislation—an Arms Bill, as the only measure of legislation for Ireland—[Loud and long continued cheering.]

Mr. SHAW said he was sorry to be obliged to declare that Ireland was, at the present moment, in a very unsatisfactory—he might, perhaps, say, an alarming—condition. Never in his time, or in the recollection of much older persons, had the great mass of the population been more violently agitated, or all other classes so dejected and depressed. This condition was chiefly to be attributed to the depression of agricultural interests, and to the temperance movement, which, though good in itself, had taught the people to combine, and had prepared the way for extensive and illegal associations. Addressing himself to the arguments of the opponents of the bill, he adverted, first, to the charge of absenteeism, and commented in severe terms on the accusations recently made against Lord Hawarden by a Roman Catholic priest named Davoren. His Lordship was accused of ejecting families from his estate. Now, not one word of this was true. He had the authority of Lord Hawarden for asserting it. It had often and loudly been complained that absenteeism was one of the great evils under which Ireland laboured; but a Roman Catholic priesthood, combining, as he believed they did, against all rights of property, was an evil still more potent, inasmuch as it rendered absenteeism almost unavoidable to all who valued life and property. The appointments of the Government had been attacked, solely because they had not promoted their political opponents. He would glance at the remedies that were proposed for the removal of the evils that now distracted Ireland:—

The remedies of the Right Hon. Gentleman (Mr. Sheil) were—banish the Orangemen from Dublin Castle. He (Mr. Sheil) knew well no official was there who was or ever had been an Orangeman—[Hear.] It was ungenerous thus to refer to the Orangemen, who had given up their cherished habits in obedience to not only the letter but the spirit of the law—[hear], and now thought with bitterness over their meetings of tens and hundreds, their few ribands and their favourite tunes, when they saw parties of tens of thousands marching in derision by them, playing party tunes and flapping in their very faces their flags, inscribed with rebellious mottoes, with impunity—[Loud cheers.] Then the Right Hon. Gentleman (Mr. Sheil) said, "Reform," by which he meant destroy, "the Protestant church"—[Hear.] Conciliate the Roman Catholic priesthood—[hear, hear] was the panacea for all her evils; both he and the Hon. Member opposite (Mr. Buller) said, Canadianize Ireland—[Hear, hear.] Wonderful—admirable expedient to preserve Ireland to the British throne, and to render her peaceful, prosperous and happy!—[Loud cheers.] He (Mr. Shaw) spoke as no sectarian; the Hon. Member (Mr. Buller) would probably accuse him of religious animosity to his Roman Catholic fellow-subjects; but he had always lived on terms of good-will with them, and for the last fifteen years had adjudicated upon the persons and properties of thousands of them, and he believed not one among the number would say that he was capable of doing them an injustice.

He believed the present bill was absolutely necessary, as the condition of Ireland was now such as it was impossible to contemplate without regret:—

He must say, that when he contemplated the present aspect of affairs in Ireland, he grieved for his country. He saw capital driven from it, the resident gentry driven from their homes. These were men who could not lack courage to meet open danger in the field; but who had not heart to remain in a country where they felt that every day they went from their homes they left a family which might every moment be exposed to danger and outrage—[Hear, hear.]

In so speaking, he knew that he spoke the sentiments of every gentleman in the country—the sentiments of every man of education—of every man who had a home and family to care for, and who felt that they were momentarily endangered by these lawless proceedings. In these observations he spoke, in common with others, for the sake of himself and his family. He claimed to be allowed to bequeath to them the constitutional rights which the laws now gave him. These were the grounds upon which he came forward to express his sentiments upon the present state of affairs in Ireland. With regard to the Arms Bill, its principle had not been opposed; it had only been objected to in detail. Yet he believed it was only a transcript of a bill which had been brought in by the Noble Lord the late Secretary for Ireland, and he believed that if it were passed into a law, it would prove equally serviceable for the protection of the property, liberty, and lives of the highest and lowest classes of society in Ireland—[Cheers.]

Mr. MORGAN J. O'CONNELL shortly opposed the bill. He strongly censured the "branding" and licensing clauses, and particularly that which requires the licensing of blacksmiths. The time at which the measure was brought forward was far more important than the measure itself; and he feared that the debate would strengthen the impression of the Irish people that they had nothing to hope from either of the great parties within the House, and that their dependence must be on themselves. The absent Irish members staid away, because they did not feel it worth their while to attend the House, and, by so doing abandon other pursuits.

Sir H. W. BARRON proposed the adjournment of the debate; on which a discussion arose, and Lord CLEMENTS charged the majority with anxiety to go to the races. Ultimately the adjournment was agreed to till the following day, the Government opposing an adjournment till Thursday.

On Wednesday the debate was opened by Mr. WYSE.

Sir J. GRAHAM shortly stated the nature and object of the bill. The restraint which it imposed had been in force for fifty years; it had been originally enacted by a domestic Legislature, and continued by the Imperial Parliament; and it was a gross misrepresentation of the bill to say that it was a measure for disarming the people of Ireland, for it went on the assumption that the people were in possession of arms, and its main purpose was to cause them to be stamped, in order to furnish facilities for tracing and detecting homicides, and thereby to give greater security to society. He shortly reviewed the objections that had been made to the measure, and warmly defended the clergy of the Established Church in Ireland from the aspersions cast on them:—

The hon. and learned member for Liskeard, with great injustice, last night had described the clergy of Ireland as disgraceful absentees, or pernicious residents—[Hear, hear.] A more unjust description of that reverend body had never before been uttered—[Hear, hear.] He (Sir J. Graham) believed that the opposition to them arose from the honest, active, and zealous discharge of their duties; but if he could make an appeal to the poorer Roman Catholic population, deserted by the absentee gentry—[Hear, hear]—and ask them who, in the hour of sickness, need, or sorrow, were their never-failing friends, he was confident the response would be, that they were the pernicious resident clergy upon whom the hon. and learned member for Liskeard had cast so unjust and unworthy a stigma—[Hear, hear.]

He admitted the respect that was due to public opinion; but argued that much of that respect must depend on the manner of its expression:—

It had been said that attention ought to be paid to the expressed popular will. On a recent occasion, the right hon. and learned gentleman opposite (Mr. Sheil) had pronounced a warm eulogium upon a noble and illustrious individual, and, considering the efforts which that individual had made when at the head of the affairs in this country to place his Roman Catholic fellow-subjects on a footing of equality with their fellow-citizens, that compliment fell gracefully from the lips of the right hon. gentleman, who, speaking of the Duke of Wellington, said "That the fame of his name filled the whole world." Now let him (Sir J. Graham) try the question of a well-expressed popular opinion in Ireland; remember that this had reference to no Saxon, but to an Irish warrior, whose fame filled the whole world. At a meeting recently held in Ireland, this noble personage had been designated as a "blood-stained Indian Sepoy"—[Cheers.] Was that a well-expressed popular opinion in Ireland?—[Loud cheers.] It had been urged, that in 1807 Sir S. Romilly had said, that to pass such a bill as this would be madness. He (Sir J. Graham) must that night take an opposite course, and say it was his painful duty, but it was his duty to put this question at that critical moment,—whether now to refuse the bill would not be madness, nay, worse than madness, would it not be cowardice and treachery?—[Loud cheers.]

Mr. ROEBUCK thought that Sir R. Peel should have taken advantage of the opportunity which was offered to him to step beyond his predecessors in the race of liberality, and to show that he understood the feeling and spirit of his times, and better understood than those whom he had displaced the principles upon which Ireland ought to be governed. He had not done so, and, therefore could not claim the support of independent members. The great evil, he contended, was an Established Church:—

The church of the minority was supported, after having been created by a victorious invader, by their soldiers and serried bayonets. If he [Mr. Roebuck] had the power, he would disencumber that church at once of anything like maintenance of power in Ireland. He would propose at once to take the revenues of the church of Ireland and give them, if to any church at all, to the church of the majority, and that was the real meaning of every man who said he was opposed to the existence of a dominant church in Ireland—a church of the minority, paid by the revenues of the state—[Hear.] He felt that a large number of English members were entirely with him. He wished to be above board. He did not wish them to run away with the notion that he meant one thing when they said another—[Cheers.] He believed that it was their wish to put down the dominant Irish church.

Mr. Sergeant MURPHY assented.

Mr. ROEBUCK.—The Hon. member says, "Please God, if they got repeal they would do it." He (Mr. Roebuck) thought that was the only thing they intended. The Irish church was the grand mischief, grievance, and sore of that country. Irishmen said that the great evil, the plague, the sore of their country, was the domination of that minority connected with the Protestant establishment. It was Protestant ascendancy they complained of: that Protestant ascendancy which was but the sign and symbol of the people's subjection to their victorious invaders.

The Hon. member condemned the Government for dismissing members of the Repeal Association from the magistracy, and admonished Sir R. Peel to govern Ireland according to principles of impartial justice, and cast all fear of the consequences behind him.

Sir DAVID ROCHE spoke a few words, vindictory of Mr. Justice Jackson and Dr. Sefroy, and condemnatory of the bill.

Sir R. PEEL said, that when the proper season should arrive, he would enter

upon the full defence of his Irish policy. At present the chief charge against the Government was for the judicial appointments; but that charge was triumphantly refuted by the candid testimony of the last speaker, opposed as he was to the Government, and attached to the popular party. If gentlemen opposite thought this bill so grossly unconstitutional in 1843, why did they abandon their duty and sanction a similar measure in 1841? He would not think so ill of them as to believe that they so far misconducted themselves. He would believe that when they passed the bill of 1841 they did so from a conviction that the public safety required it. This act had not been brought in with reference to the late movement; it had been prepared in the last session, and was laid on the table of the House long before any movement had become apparent. Mr. Shiel's speech contained a complete defence of the bill it attacked, for his proposal was to abandon the principle of the *judicium parium*, and supersede the petty jurors by juries of the gentry. What must be that eloquent member's own opinion of the state of society, where it could be necessary to make this great change in the constitution—nay, where he spoke of protection and maintenance during life in a foreign country as being indispensable in order to bring forward a witness against an assassin? But it seemed that a Liberal lawyer might make proposals which would raise the loudest exclamation against a Conservative. Not only the witness, if he remained home, was in danger of his life, the same danger extended to his innocent wife and children; and was not this a condition of society which justified at least an attempt to regulate the possession of arms? The right Hon. baronet then alluded to the declaration of Mr. C. Buller, that he viewed a measure of this kind rather in reference to the party which passed it than its intrinsic merits:—

Sir, I have heard, amid much declamation against unconstitutional bills—I have heard, I must say, from the Opposition side of the House, more unconstitutional doctrine during this debate than ever I heard in the course of any discussion of the session—[Hear, hear]. Reciprocating, as respects the honourable and learned gentleman opposite (Mr. Charles Buller), all those sentiments of personal respect with which he has been pleased to honour me, when I yet heard him state that this "detestable" bill, if proposed by Lord Morpeth should have had his consent.

Mr. CHARLES BULLER said (as we understood) that he had stated that the matter was wholly indifferent to him.

Sir ROBERT PEEL: Then this bill, which contains these distinctions between England and Ireland, so much complained of, is, according to the Honourable and learned gentleman, a matter of such entire indifference, that, according to the politics of the Irish secretary, who proposes it, his vote will be given for or against it—[Loud Ministerial cheers]. Sir, I cannot accept that compliment to the bill which the Honourable and learned gentleman has paid it—[Cheers]. I do not consider it a matter of indifference. Quite the reverse. It is with deep regret that I propose it—[Hear, hear]. I am sorry to establish a distinction between England and Ireland—to establish the obligation to register arms—to give the trouble which it will cause—to propose an infringement upon the general right of bearing arms—[Hear]. So far from being a matter of indifference, it is a matter of deep regret to me that there should exist a necessity for such a measure, and nothing but necessity can justify it. But that necessity is a necessity equally potent, whether the bill be proposed by a Conservative or a Liberal Irish secretary—[Cheers]. It rests for vindication not upon a political party; it rests for its vindication upon the necessity for taking extraordinary precautions in a country where a particular class of outrages are committed, and for that reason I cannot admit, with the Honourable and learned gentleman, that the bill is a matter of indifference—[Cheers]. The question for the House to consider is, whether or no—taking into consideration the admissions of Irish members so late as 1841—the whole difference since then in the circumstances being a change of administration—whether or no the House will take upon itself the responsibility of putting an end by their vote to a measure preventing the end of an enactment for the purpose of hindering the improper use of fire arms in Ireland—[Cheers].

The House then divided—For the second reading of the bill, 270; for the amendment of Mr. S. Crawford, 105: majority, 165.

IMPORTATION OF CANADIAN WHEAT AND FLOUR.

House of Commons, Friday, May 19.

The order of the day having been read for the consideration of the resolutions on the importation of corn and flour from Canada.

Lord STANLEY said, that, instead of deferring his exposition on this subject until after the Speaker should have left the chair, which is the usual course on such occasions, he should think it right to make his statement at once, both in fairness to Mr. Labouchere's intended motion, and for the sake of meeting, at the earliest possible moment, the gross misrepresentations which had been put forth. (The purport of the resolutions of which he had given notice for the committee was, that the Canadian legislature had passed an act, which now awaited the Crown's assent, for imposing a duty of 3s. per quarter on foreign wheat imported into Canada, and which act had been so passed in the expectation that Her Majesty would recommend to Parliament a reduction in the duties on wheat and flour imported into the United Kingdom; and that it was, therefore, expedient to provide, that, should that act receive Her Majesty's assent, the import duty into England on wheat from Canada should be reduced to 1s. per quarter, with a proportionate reduction on flour.) His proposal was not to let American wheat into England, but to let into England Canadian wheat and flour ground in Canada, from whatever growth it may be manufactured, at reduced duties. It had been decided many years ago in the Exchequer, that ostrich feathers dressed in France were to be deemed French produce for the purpose of duty; and it was the broad principle of the navigation laws, that the manufactured articles of any country are to be regarded as its own produce. Upon this principle, flour manufactured in Canada was, in point of law, Canadian produce; and the uniform practice had been to deal with it as such. Some had talked of this as a measure for letting wheaten produce into England through a Canadian back door; but this backdoor had been open these 15 years; and the effect of the present measure was to take a toll of 3s. at that door, instead of allowing all wheat to pass through it into Canada, as at present, duty free. At the present day the duty on corn imported into England was a variable duty, and so he proposed to leave it still; but he sought to convert the duty on the importation of flour from Canada into a total fixed duty of 4s. per quarter; whereas the average receipt for several years last past had only been 2s. 1d. It was said that he was coming to a fixed duty of 4s. on wheat—no such thing; this was a fixed duty on flour; and a fixed duty only in reference to a range of 4s. For the sake of so small a variation, it had not been thought worth while to give up the superior simplicity of the fixed duty principle; it could be only for the sake of a very extensive range that a country would find it answer to maintain that complicated machinery of the average which was necessary for the application of a sliding scale. He now

came to a more important point—would the duty be levied in Canada? For he admitted, that if not, that would be a strong argument against his measure. He then described the geographical character of the boundary, and showed the physical impracticability of smuggling to any great extent from America to Canada. He proceeded to state, that the whole quantity of wheaten produce which, within the entire period of the last thirteen years had come into this country from Canada, either in the shape of wheat or of flour, was only 1,153,000 quarters, being about 90,000 per annum; and this under a state of law which imposed no duty at all upon American wheat entering Canada. He quoted some observations published in an American paper upon this intended measure of the British Government, which were to the effect that the American corn-grower would not be enabled by means of it to bring his produce to England. He advocated this measure, therefore, not as a free trade proposal for letting in American corn, but as a proposal for the benefit of our Canadian fellow-subjects, just emerged from a civil war, just consolidated into one province, and confided with a friendly spirit in the disposition of the mother country to deal kindly and justly by them. He concluded by moving that the Speaker should leave the chair in order that the House might go to committee.

Mr. LABOUCHERE would not attempt to gain the votes of the agriculturists by pretending that this measure would cause any considerable importation of corn into this country; but he thought the Noble Lord had not a right to treat the House as pledged to the Canadians, merely because last session something had been thrown out by him on this subject without objection on the part of other members. He could not view without alarm the attempt now made to set up a principle of protection and of agricultural exclusion in Canada. Though he did not believe that the measures would produce any influx of American corn into England, he was by no means satisfied that there would be no smuggling into Canada; on the contrary, he suspected that the new proposal would, in some degree, combine the evils of the two opposite systems—it would introduce a little protection and a little smuggling. He recapitulated the grounds of his opposition to the proposal of government, and moved an address to the crown to withhold the royal assent from the bill passed by the Canadian legislature.

Mr. THORNELY seconded the motion.

Mr. C. BULLER said, that as a free-trader, he should support the measure of the Government. When the mere unqualified protection of Canadian corn was proposed, he had resisted it, but it was now brought forward merely as a part of a general measure for lowering duty on Canadian flour; and, as far as it went, it tended to benefit the English consumer. The objection that the new duty ought to go into the pockets of the consumer was not a consistent one in the mouth of the free traders; and if the Canadians were permitted by England to take this addition of duty, England would thereby acquire a good argument for pressing them to lower the duties of her manufactures.

Mr. ROEBUCK would not support the motion of Mr. Labouchere, though he meant to oppose the resolutions of the Government. He foresaw extensive smuggling, which was so much immorality; but, as to any importation of American flour from Canada into England, the alarm was ridiculously groundless.

Mr. GLADSTONE observed that though many of the preceding speakers had redeemed their pledges, yet scarce any two of them were agreed. Lord Stanley had not said that the House was pledged to the Canadians; but that the Government had committed itself, and was bound to fulfil its undertaking, and that it was for the House to consider whether it had not given a tacit assent to that fulfilment. With respect to Mr. Labouchere's question, what corn-law was intended for the other North American Colonies, he answered that the principle of this measure would not be applicable to them. They were not of the same magnitude with Canada, nor were the Government bound to them by any pledge. The debate was then adjourned until Monday.

Monday, May 22.

Mr. ELLICE thought the importance of this question had been strangely exaggerated by many of the speakers upon it. He was one of those who held that the worst of all taxes were taxes on the food of the people; and he considered the original object of the corn-laws as having been to protect the rents against the effect of that general depreciation in the currency, by which the war had damaged all the other creditor interests of this country. But, abstaining from the general question of corn-laws, he wished to correct some errors of preceding speakers. It was new to him, for instance, to hear that the Canadians—nay, that even the Lower Canadians did not grow a surplus of corn beyond their own consumption. He should object as warmly as his most zealous friends to the duty on the transfer from America into Canada, if he thought this measure of free intercourse between Canada and England could be carried without that duty; but this he was quite aware, that no government could accomplish.

Mr. HUME said he hoped to see a similar bill in favor of all our other colonies, for the principle of a fixed duty of 1s. on the importation of corn into the British islands was a great improvement. The trade of the Canadas was now distressed, and it was not improbable that their Legislature would ere long remove the protecting duty of 3s. for that Legislature was not like the British House of Commons, but was a real representation of the people; and where that was the case, legislation would never remain unchanged for a year.—[Much derision.] He would support this experiment, which he hoped would lead to a direct trade in corn with America, at a fixed duty of 1s.

Mr. BARING declared, that if he had thought this country pledged to the Canadas upon this subject, he would have supported the Government measure; because, bad as that was, there was one thing worse, which was to break faith. But he asserted that ministers not only had never promised any such thing to the Canadas, nor intended any such thing, but had actually intended the reverse; in proof of which assertion he referred to their speeches in the session of 1842, particularly to a speech of Sir R. Peel on Mr. Christopher's motion (which, however, the ministers intimated by cheers that they considered as bearing a different construction.) In a subsequent speech some sketch of this measure had been shadowed out, but nothing specific had been stated, and no man of common sense could have inferred that anything like a pledge was involved. Still less was anything then thrown out about the superiority of a 4s. fixed duty above a sliding scale from 1s. to 5s.

Sir R. PEEL would now confine himself to two points—the principle of Mr. Labouchere's amendment, and the circumstances under which the government had brought forward their measure; the merits and details of that measure he would take some future occasion to discuss. Whatever the house might intend upon the measure itself, he begged them now to consider the bearing of this proposal for addressing the Crown to put its veto on the Canadian bill. He believed there was no precedent for such an address; and it was an affront to the legislature, almost in the very first of its acts. If the House disapproved of the Canadian bill, let it exercise its own functions on the resolutions of ministers, and work the rejection of that bill by refusing the

conditions on which it was passed; but let it not evade the execution of its own duties, and throw on the Crown by address the mortification of rejecting the bill. Mr. Baring had said the present measure was not contemplated last session; he assured him that it had been not only contemplated, but fully considered in the cabinet. He then adverted to the objection of smuggling, and showed the improbability of any extensive contraband, a quarter of corn weighing 500lb. and all that the smuggler could gain on this great weight being only 3s. He conjured the House to consider the effect which the rejection of the bill, passed at such a period, must produce upon the Colonial Legislature. The rejection was now proposed too much in the spirit which had sought the extinction of the Legislature of Jamaica. He himself considered those colonial assemblies to be of high constitutional value.

Lord J. RUSSEL censured as imprudent the declaration of Sir R. Peel respecting danger on the side of Canada. He saw nothing in the address for a veto which could be mortifying to the Crown; the mortification would be only to the Minister who really seemed thus to be identifying the Crown with himself. The constitution of the Canadas was one under which they might naturally expect this kind of rejection. The bill in question was by no means one of the earliest acts of the new legislature; they had had a former session, and some of their bills, then passed had been already rejected. But he was willing enough to give them the boon they asked; what he wished was, to relieve it from the condition of an exclusive duty, which they themselves would be glad to decline. In the Canadas there was to be a fixed duty; but as to all the other colonies, the sliding scale from 1s. to 5s. was still to subsist, so that, with these two colonial systems and the large sliding scale at home, you had a treble machinery of duties.

The house divided—for Mr. Labouchere's amendment, 156; against it, 3/4: majority against it 188.

On the motion of Lord STANLEY, the further consideration of the bill was deferred till Friday.

IRELAND.

Dr Murray, the Roman Catholic Archbishop of Dublin, has published a letter, disclaiming having taken any part in the repeal movement such as has been ascribed to the whole of his brethren by Dr. Higgins.

All the Irish forts, castles, and battlements have been inspected by a government engineer, and ordered to be repaired and placed in a state of perfect utility. Indeed, the preparations of government are such as would indicate that a civil war is not far distant.

The troops stationed in Ireland will amount, in June, to about 25,000 men.

The *Dublin Evening Post* announces that five more magistrates have been superseded—namely, Sir Michael Dillon Bellew, Bart. (Galway), Alexander Sherlock (Waterford), Pierce Somerset Butler (Kilkenny), Dan. Clauhy (of Charleville), and John Barter, Esq., also of the county of Cork. The total number of magistrates superseded, on account of mixing with the repeal agitation, is thirteen. Mr. R. D. Brown, M.P., has addressed a letter to the Lord Chancellor, resigning the commission, in order to enjoy the right of public discussion.

MILITARY POSITIONS IN IRELAND.—The batteries at Tarbert have, unexpectedly, been reinforced by four additional pieces of artillery, and an additional force of one officer and fifteen men is expected daily. Letters have been received inquiring how many men all the forts would contain; all the guns are to be mounted without delay. A man-of-war steamer went up the Shannon, on Friday week, with two thousand stand of arms for Limerick. Four other steamers were despatched from the Tower for Ireland with arms. We understand that two men-of-war steamers will be stationed in the Shannon—one at Tarbert, and the other at Grass Island.

Kerry Evening Post.

The repeal affair in Cork was very brilliant. It said that upward of 500,000 persons were congregated on this occasion. A Cork paper says—

"The procession alone occupied exactly three hours and five minutes in passing the Liberator's carriage, from the higher to the lower road, when tremendous cheers were given for the Liberator. When the procession passed, the Liberator's carriage immediately followed: the roads throughout were lined with horsemen, cars, and carriages: the field and heights were occupied by countless thousands, whose enthusiastic shouts rent the air, the Liberator echoing them by cries of 'Repeal!' 'Old Ireland!' Would that the 'Iron Duke' or Sir Robert Peel had beheld the sight, which no language at our command can possibly give the most distant conception of. One of the most cheering features in the trades' procession was the circumstance that, as far as the trades were concerned, it brought together persons of all politics and persuasions, to join in the thrilling cry for Ireland's nationality. The carriages then followed, with a train of cars, divisions of equestrians, &c., which occupied several miles of the road. At Glanmire the window-frames were all removed. Well-dressed ladies occupied the windows and cheered and waved handkerchiefs as the procession passed. The procession reached the Chamber of Commerce at seven o'clock."

In the evening a grand banquet took place at Batty's Circus. 900 persons sat down to dinner. The Right Rev. Dr. Murphy, Bishop of Cork, sent a letter, stating that he was unable to attend, because of his health; but in it he expressed no opinion, favourable or otherwise, as to the repeal movement. Not so with the Right Rev. Dr. Hale, Archbishop of Tuam, who sent a strong pro-repeal address, as he was not able to attend personally. The Right Rev. Dr. Crotty, in a letter, expressed his doubts whether a repeal of the union would prove a panacea of the nation's sufferings. We subjoin a portion of Mr. O'Connell's after-dinner oration, as it is in substance the same as he has declared at the various densely thronged meetings during the last fortnight or three weeks in various parts of Ireland. After alluding to an anti-repeal meeting in Cork, he said—

"Next comes out my Lord Brougham—(loud and continued hisses)—why, he agrees with my esteemed friend and relative, Mr. Fagan, that the country most naturally productive is Ireland. I say to him, I admit she has natural advantages, but why not have the benefit of them? But, mind you this, my Lord Brougham, and this is the secret, she has not been governed by herself. (Cheers.) Lord Brougham talks of 'coercion'; it is a very nice thing to talk of. But who is this man that threatens us. (Hear.) It is Brougham. (Loud hisses.) He tried coercion before, and destroyed the whigs. The bill he brought into the Lords was infinitely worse than that brought into the Commons. It contained a clause allowing the government to take a man out of any county in Ireland, charged with libel, and bring him to England—there to try him. (Oh, oh.) Oh, it was the most atrocious and despotic measure ever contemplated. (Hear, hear.) Lord Brougham! (Groans.) False to his friends, treacherous to his party, fawning to those in power—the disgrace of literature, the foul stain on talent, the reproach of everything like patriotism—(hear)—selfish, grovelling,

submissive to those in authority, and opposing every person who had nothing on his side but virtue and right. (Prolonged cheering.) Well, next to Brougham, who is our opponent? Why, the Duke of Wellington, to be sure. (Groans.) The poor man says he is much abused here in Ireland; now, that is not the fact, he is only laughed at, and so he ought. (Hear, hear.) He quoted a part of the conjoint address of both houses to the King, in 1832—which address made me suspend the Repeal question—he quoted a part of the address, but he omitted a most particular part, namely, the pledge of both houses to remove all causes of complaint in Ireland. (Hear.) A pretty omission! The part of Hamlet left out of the play of the King of Denmark. (Great laughter.) Since then we have found in the papers a declaration attributed to him, which was, that 'the Parliament had removed all causes of complaint.' (Hissing.) There is news for you—(renewed hissing)—news that no person ever heard before. (Laughter.) What have they removed! (Cries of "Nothing.") Ay, nothing. Yet, here is a Prime Minister, a super-superlative corporal—(laughter)—I will not call him a serjeant, for the serjeants are a very deserving body of men—but this Corporal Wellington—(loud laughter)—a brave and bold man, no doubt, had the boldness to assert that 'all just causes of complaint had been removed.' (Loud hissing and cries of "Oh, oh.") Next comes Sir Robert Peel—(groans)—and he repeats the assertion of the corporal—(laughing and groans)—he repeats the blunder, and says he would not listen to all Ireland, were she to exclaim—ay, were she to exclaim she would do so in vain—(oh, oh)—but he must and shall hear us. And Peel talks of the just causes of complaint being removed—(hisses)—and utters some sentences of excellent promises, conciliation, and justice; but the man is so complete a hypocrite that he even deceives himself—(cheers)—not alone his followers, but himself. As Voltaire said of Mahomet, 'He began by imposing religion on others, and ended by imposing it on himself.' Peel is that Mahomet. (Cheers.) What do we care for him! (Cries of "Nothing.") We violate no law—we transgress no statute. You have an old pilot at the helm—(loud cheering)—he knows when there are breakers ahead, and when it is right he should 'up with the helm,' avoid the rocks and steer into the wide ocean of fair contention, never deserting the good ship until she enters gloriously the calm port of safety.' (Loud cheers.)

DISRUPTION OF THE CHURCH OF SCOTLAND.

The meeting of the General Assembly of the Church of Scotland took place on the 19th ult., and the event which all must have anticipated, whatever anxiety was entertained that it might be avoided, has taken place. On the meeting of the General Assembly, the old Moderator stated that, in consequence of the infringements of the civil courts on their ecclesiastical jurisdiction, and the refusal of the legislature to accede to the Claim of Rights adopted at last Assembly, he felt called upon to protest against them now proceeding as a free and lawful Assembly of the Church of Scotland. He read the reasons of protest—a document of considerable length—and bowing to the Lord High Commissioner, the Marquis of Bute, withdrew, followed by the whole non-intrusion party in the House. On the motion of Dr. Mearns, Principal Haldane, of St. Andrew's was voted to the chair, *pro tempore*. On assuming the chair, the Rev. Principal opened the meeting by prayer.

The Lord High Commissioners then delivered her Majesty's letter, which was of considerable length; it generally recommended obedience to the decisions of the Civil Courts, offering the aid of Parliament to correct any abuse that might exist in reference to the induction of ministers, and expressing her Majesty's willingness to consent to a measure which would recognise the full right of the people to object, and of the Church Courts to determine on all objections exclusively and finally. The letter was read without remark, and after some other procedure of minor importance, the sederunt adjourned until the next day.

The next day the Assembly met at twelve o'clock according to adjournment. The Moderator opened the meeting with a deeply impressive prayer. A committee was appointed to prepare an answer to her Majesty's most gracious letter. The proceedings, generally, were of the ordinary routine character. Professor Alexander, of St. Andrew's, suggested the propriety of appointing a committee to draw up a pastoral letter, to be addressed to the people of Scotland, with regard to the present state of the Church, warning them to stand in the old paths, and encouraging them to strengthen, by their zeal and steadfastness, the church of their fathers, which had been one of the greatest bulwarks of the reformed religion. It was agreed that the subject should be brought before the Assembly by overture. Several committees were appointed. After prayer, the Assembly broke up.

THE FREE ASSEMBLY.

The Rev. Dr. Chalmers being appointed Moderator by the Non-intrusion party, explained at great length the origin and causes of that day's movement. They held the principle, that, in things spiritual, the church could never submit to the control of the civil government, and for nearly a century and a half, that principle had remained unchallenged; and it was never till lately, till within the last few years, that the church had suffered at the hands of the civil courts for proclaiming it. (Hear, hear.) For maintaining and defending their principles they were brought together there that day. (Applause.) It was well that they had been strengthened to do what they had done. God would not forsake them nor the families of the faithful, nor would he leave them now without his spirit to guide them and his strength to enable them to hold out to the end. After further exposition of the grounds of the movement, the Rev. Doctor said, there was another principle which they were not to give up for the sake of courting the present help of men who, at least, had the power of numbers on their side. (Hear, hear.) To be more plain and more particular, voluntaries are mistaken if they claim us as voluntaries. (Cheers, and some distant sounds of disapprobation.) We hold it to be the duty of Government to give of their substance and means for the maintenance of religion in the land. We pray that their eyes may be opened that they may see it to be their duty to be the supporters of religion, and not the tyrants we have to fear. We pray that the time may come when "Kings shall be nursing fathers and Queens shall be nursing mothers," and when there shall be "nothing to hurt nor to annoy in all God's holy mountain." We hold that every department of Government should be leavened with Christianity, and every functionary in it, from the highest to the lowest, should be under its influence. (Applause.) Though we quit the Establishment, it is right that it be understood that we go out on the Establishment principle. (Hear, hear.) We are the advocates for a national recognition and national support of religion, and we are not voluntaries. (Cheers.) Again, they thus openly proclaimed their difference from those who, under the guise of principle, refused to acknowledge the authority of the church. With such men they could not have fellowship, and still less so with those who would lift up a menacing front against "the powers that be," and could carry themselves against the constituted authorities of the land with defiance and contumely. But he need not proclaim, in the ears of that assembly, the duty to guard.

against the lawless and revolutionary politics of those who spoke evil of dignitaries, and were given to change. (Hear.) He knew it was not necessary to warn his brethren present against such men, and the danger in being in any way associated with such men; but it was necessary and right that they should take the earliest opportunity of stating their views, as a warning to the world, because many might, in present circumstances, misconceive their object, when, in the character of a great home mission, like the apostles of old, they would be accused of "turning the world upside down." (Hear, hear.) They were for peace, law, and order,—(hear, hear)—not tumult, turbulence, and confusion. (Hear, hear.) If suffered to prosecute their labours quietly and peaceably, they would soon prove themselves the best friends of social happiness and peace, and the aristocracy of the land would find it to be so; but if they were not permitted quietly and peaceably to work out the Christian principles of the church of Christ, they would find that the aristocracy themselves would suffer loss. With men who were recklessly attempting to pull down the aristocracy they had no sympathy; with such men they could hold no co-partnership.

Motions were submitted and agreed to for associating with the Free Assembly the ministers who had declared their adherence, and one member from each kirk-session; for appointing a committee to consider the proper course for effecting and completing the separation, and to prepare and lay on the table a draft of an address to her Majesty, setting forth the grounds of the separation from the Established Church. Arrangements were also made for enabling all who wished it to sign the protest, and it was stated by Dr. McFarlane that 193 members of the Assembly had signed the protest, and the total number of ministers who had signed it was 400.

At a subsequent meeting Doctor Chalmers stated that including the money already received, and that which they were justly entitled to expect, the fund at their disposal for building and the sustentation of ministers, might be said to amount, in the gross, to the magnificent sum of £223,028 6s. 11d., viz., £150,341 5s. 1d. for the Building Fund, and £72,687 1s. 10d. annual receipts for the sustentation of ministers.

Exchange at New York on London, at 60 days, 8 a 8 1-4 per cent. prem.

THE ANGLO AMERICAN.

NEW YORK, SATURDAY, JUNE 21, 1843.

By the Steam Ship *Columbia* from Liverpool, via Halifax and Boston, we have received our English files to the 4th inst. The news is not greatly diversified, but it is of immense importance; an importance not a little increased by the manifestations in this and some other cities of the United States of the desire to participate in some of the critical movements of Ireland, or rather of Mr. O'Connell.

The cry is reiterated in many parts of Ireland, for Repeal of the Union, and Mr. O'Connell in his progress through that part of it which is most affected towards his views is attended by even hundreds of thousands. But of whom are these hundreds of thousands composed? Of men mainly whose passions are easily raised, who have never entered—nay, perhaps are incompetent to enter—into all the deep contemplations which are involved in the subject. They have set up their idol, and blindly worship at his shrine. He, on the other hand, began a career in which we have no objection to admit, patriotism was his moving cause. But have we to learn at this time of the world, how frequently the original sentiments have got mingled with those of a baser nature! That a pure patriot in the beginning may become a demagogue in the end; that what is commenced upon principle may be continued through the love of popularity; that a work may be begun in a frank and independent spirit, and be upheld by the mighty but sordid force of a large revenue, no matter how obtained; that these are to be found in the histories of remarkable men in all ages, it will be readily admitted; and, to those who have looked well into the recesses of the human heart it will be more a matter of surprise that a few have withstood the temptations by which they are surrounded, than that so many have fallen into the snares which beset them on all sides. We are contented to admit that Mr. O'Connell both had originally and still has an ardent love of country in his bosom, but we are quite sure that, although he may not be conscious of it, there are many thorns which have sprung up and choked some of the good seed which was originally implanted in his heart.

What is this cry about Repeal! Who raised it? Why was it raised, and what good is it to do? For heaven's sake, let the Irish remember that no such cry was raised, until Mr. O'Connell himself said that if he should be thwarted in a certain project of his, *He* would raise the cry of Repeal. It is but a means of coercion, it is meaningless in the mind of ninety of every hundred who respond to it, and has no other claim to regard among the thousands who vociferate it than that it is the watch-word of the agitator. The orators here, as well as those in Ireland, say that "because the British government have declared that they will not grant justice to Ireland, therefore, the cry is *Repeal the Union*." So then it is a *pis aller*, not a proper policy,—a motion of revenge, not a righting of wrongs. But the British government have not made such a declaration, either impliedly or in words. Whatsoever Mr. O'Connell determines to move, that he calls justice to Ireland, and a captivating phrase it is; but who has declared or can declare his infallibility? He is a man of great sagacity doubtless; many things included in what he considered to be "justice to Ireland," have been deemed so likewise in the Imperial legislature, and granted. Success dazzles us, and gradually we come to insist as much for first or vivacious impressions as we had previously insisted for well-matured considerations; and, giving Mr. O'Connell full credit for right intentions, it is much to be feared that early success has led him to go too fast. Refuse justice to Ireland! Look at the records of Parliament during the last forty-two years, and let those who advance such an assertion, either blush for their ignorance or feel ashamed at their malevolence. There has been more of beneficent legislation for Ireland in the present century than upon any other subject whatsoever; and Ireland herself has been more elevated and advanced in that period than in all the rest of the seven hundred years in which she has formed a part of the English kingdom.

There is no frame of society that can bear to be entirely at one stroke overwhelmed, however good the intended structure of it may be. Reforms and amendments must be done by convenient degrees, as little as possible interfering with the tranquillity of any given period. But the reforms—mischiefs we would call them, if not prudently applied—which we now hear and read of, would bring chaos and anarchy in their train, and, even for the sake of those who clamour most for them, must be prudently and quietly, but strictly resisted. It must be by other and wiser means than "counting noses" that a government should listen to a multitude.

It is gratifying to perceive the Canada Corn Bill makes so decided a progress through the house, notwithstanding a very strenuous opposition. This bill, however, would be lost were it not for the decided stand taken thereon by Sir Robert Peel and Lord Stanley; it trenches too much on the subject of rents, a sore place among the landed aristocracy, and seems to give them warning that a measure which they might and ought to have taken long ago,—that of a general reduction of rents,—will ere long force itself upon them, and they will have to submit without the grace of a boon. The settlement of this question, the issue of which is plain enough, will give an immense stimulus to agriculture in the western states; Indiana, Illinois, the southern part of Michigan, all are corn growing districts, and together with the northern parts of Ohio and all the western section of the state of New York, there will be incitements to turn capital into agricultural channels instead of overdoing, as we too frequently perceive, the commercial market. America is competent to be the granary and the supplies of raw material to the world, and, with these advantages she may contribute more to her own prosperity, whilst she promotes that of other countries, by selling produce, and buying manufactures, upon a liberal *free trade* principle, than by attempts at competition where she has not equal facilities.—This at least for many years to come.

It is doubtful whether the Roman Catholic clergy are so devoted to Repeal as the Repealers themselves so industriously set forth. Lord Camoys, in the House of Lords, expressed his doubts that Dr. Higgins had used the unjustifiable and violent language which had been attributed to him at Mulligan; Lord Wicklow undertook to say for Drs. Curteis, and Murray, that they were both opposed to Repeal, as he could assert from personal knowledge; and Lord Brougham stated that at a meeting of the Catholic clergy, at which the primate presided, it had been proved that as a body they were not opposed to the union. Now if this be true there must surely be something very uncandid and deceptive in spreading a report that the clergy in whom the Irish generally repose much confidence are movers in a cause with which they have nothing to do. But the most remarkable thing in this Repeal movement is that there is no special evil alleged against the Union, neither are there any special benefits spoken of as to be derived from Repeal. It is, as we have already said, a *pis aller*, "if you do not give us *this* we will demand *that*." A goodly reason truly for a national sensation!

The schism in the Church of Scotland which has so long been pending, but which peaceable men hoped would be prevented by mutual concessions—convictions are out of the question—has at length broken out. A secession church has temporarily been formed, and the proceedings or acts of Assembly of the two parties are at present carried on temporarily. The following will give some idea of the extent to which the separation has reached:—

There are in all 947 Parish ministers, from whom 214 have seceded, leaving 733 who have not left the establishment. There are also, *quoad sacra* ministers, officiating in Parliamentary churches and chapels of ease, in all 246, from whom have seceded 144, leaving 102 to the establishment. Besides these there are a few other seceders, as three Professors, fourteen assistants, and twenty others who are ordained but hold no cure, making the number who have retired about 400. This is an immense gap in the wall; and at this breach may enter spiritual evils, followed by temporal ones of no common magnitude; and it is not until the mischief is consummated that Lord Aberdeen brings in his bill for reconciling the disorders incident to such a rupture. When will the men of his complexion of politics learn to make a boon in good time and with a good grace? Why will they be urged and compelled to that which they must see is inevitable. Very far are we from desiring that they should be blown about by every wind, or fall in with every idle suggestion; but men like them cannot but see the "signs of the times," and why should they avail themselves of their prescience,—unless indeed it be directly in the teeth of their principles, and then they ought to retire from contests which they can no longer maintain.

The journals do not give the particulars of Lord Aberdeen's Bill in regard to the Scottish Church question. We hope, however, they may be satisfactory—and in time.

We have the melancholy duty to record the death of the Hon. Hugh S. Legare, Attorney General of the United States, and Acting Secretary of State. This distinguished gentleman accompanied the President to Boston, and was exposed greatly to the rain on the day of his arrival there. He was immediately attacked by the bilious cholera, and expired after an illness of only three days. Mr. Legare, who was a native of South Carolina, was an accomplished gentleman, a ripe scholar, and a distinguished politician; his family have long held a high and honorable position in his native state, and he himself was an intimate personal friend of the President. In consequence of this calamity the President has stopped short of his proposed tour, and makes his way directly to Washington.

We have likewise to record the death of Judge Gomez, of the Supreme Court of Trinidad, who, with his lady, was on the way to this city with the intent to embark for Europe on a tour. He died on Tuesday last, at Philadelphia, of brain fever, after a very short illness.

THE BUNKER HILL CELEBRATION.

The hundreds of thousands who witnessed, on Saturday last, the celebration at Bunker Hill, and the solemnity of completing the magnificent monument there erected, are not likely to forget it during the remainder of their lives; and if the accounts, in all their details, be faithfully recorded, American citizens, from generation to generation, will ever hallow the spot where it stands, and will look to it as a rallying point when their liberties may be in jeopardy. Our limits, in a weekly journal, which must necessarily be diffuse in its character, cannot contain all those details; all that we can do is to give a condensed summary of them and leave our readers to indulge their curiosity, with regard to particulars, by the perusal of some publication specially dedicated thereto.

It is supposed that there could not have been fewer strangers in Boston on Friday night than a hundred thousand, and such was the demand for lodging and accommodation that any price asked was given, and thousands were obliged to take up their temporary abode in the open air. In the principal streets through which the procession was to pass, stages were erected in front of the houses, thus enabling thousands to enjoy distinctly a sight from which many would otherwise have been precluded. Early in the morning of Saturday all the city were in motion, all were radiant with smiles, and yet all was orderly and regular. By 8 o'clock everything bore the aspect of preparation, and about 10 o'clock the procession began its advance. It was an immense one, capitally marshalled, and well conducted, but we have not room for a full description; suffice it that the President of the United States, accompanied by Mr. Buckingham, President of the Bunker Hill Association, was drawn in a splendid open barouche by six black horses, followed by another barouche, in which were the Hon. Daniel Webster, orator of the day, the Chaplain, and the First Vice-President of the Association; these were drawn by four white horses; other carriages, containing the Governor of the State of Massachusetts, and various functionaries, civil, military, and collegiate, followed in succession, but the most heart-stirring sight was that of fourteen barouches containing fifty-six venerable men, soldiers of the Revolution, who, after the lapse of threescore and ten years,—the time allotted for the life of fallen man,—were permitted to witness this great and heart-filling solemnity.

When the procession entered Monument-square the scene surpassed all description. It was brilliant beyond imagination, and displayed an immense sea of heads; yet all was in order. In front of the orator's platform seats had been placed for about 5000 ladies. The front seats of the platform were dedicated to those who had the best right to it—the soldiers of the Revolution—of whom the whole number present was about 108, and of whom also twelve had been personally present at the battle of Bunker Hill.

It was not until two o'clock that the entire cortege was placed within the lines; a prayer was then offered to the throne of Grace by Rev. Mr. Ellis, of Charlestown; after which a solemn pause ensued, and the Orator then commenced his address. It will be found in our columns.

CRICKET.

The great match of the St. George's Cricket Club of New York, which was postponed yesterday week on account of the excessive rainy weather, will come off on Monday next, 26th inst.

On Tuesday last a cricket match of 11 single against 11 married men was played in a field near Camden, New Jersey. The single men won it. Several of the New York club were present, and we believe a match was concluded to take place in New York.

We are authorised to state that the members of the St. George's Club of New York are open to play a match against any eleven in the United States or in Canada.

The Drama.

PARK THEATRE.—Mr. Booth whose regularity we are happy to perceive has become much more perceptible than formerly, has been performing a short engagement here, which he terminated on Wednesday last. The powers of Mr. Booth have been too long wasted to be fully recovered at this late hour; the time has been when he was calculated to stand first among the first in the highest walks of the drama, and somewhat too late he begins to be aware of what he has thrown away. But he is still far removed from the position of a common man; the strength of his energies fitfully returns to him and he becomes momentarily great; this, however, he cannot sustain, and it is rare to see him go through an entire character without flagging somewhat. He wants, he will have, and he must have stimulants; but unfortunately when they come within his reach he does not use them judiciously and they re-act to his prejudice.

Mr. Brougham having recovered, his benefit took place on Thursday evening, when was performed "Hamlet," the part of Hamlet by Mrs. Brougham!—the "Dream of Shakspeare," which we have formerly described, and "The Married Rake." On Friday was a Ticket night, on which occasion Mr. Placide played his beautiful character of Grandfather Whitehead.

BOWERY THEATRE.—The play founded on Bulwer's "Last of the Barons" is exceedingly well acted here; and the pantomime which was so very popular at Niblo's last year under the name of "Mazulme," is revived under that of "The Black Raven." A new play, written by H. P. Grattan, Esq., was produced here on Thursday, but we have not yet had opportunity to witness it.

NIBLO'S GARDEN.—We are under the necessity of finding fault with English Vaudeville here; that good artists are engaged will be admitted when we mention Miss Ayres, Messrs. Burton and Walcott, together with Misses Reynolds and Horn. But the first-mentioned takes too much pains, and the rest are shamefully negligent. Were not this a summer house, and the audience exceedingly lenient in point of criticism, the pieces would be hissed down,—and all because the actors will not be at the pains to be "up in their parts." This assuredly will not do, and must be immediately reformed.

"THEATRE FRANCAIS" AT NIBLO'S.

THURSDAY, June 22d, 1843.

We are happy to repeat that Mr. Niblo and the French company rival each other in zeal, in effort, and in skill, to make the present season an epoch in the feasts of the theatrical history of New York. On Friday last the "Postillon de Lonjumeau" was represented; a charming opera, to which, although there are certain exceptions on the score of originality, yet, notwithstanding these, it is a fine composition; and Adolphe Adam has distinguished himself herein by his refreshing melody, by truth of expression, by the music proper to the character of the words, and sometimes by a profound originality. For example, the air for the Basso, in the 2d act, "Oui, de choristers du theatre, Je suis vraiment la fine fleur," is a piece most remarkable for the beauty of its instrumentation, its harmonic purity, and its excellent comedy. We notice this the more strongly because it is without forward pretensions, and because amateurs in general do not consider it of importance. At the first representation there was much hesitation, and it was observable that the work had been got up in too much haste. Last night it was much better performed, the chorus singers were together, and more vigorous, the orchestra, so well conducted by M. Prevost, was perfect—except the whip; Mlle. Lagier, and Messrs. Lecourt and Bernard, played with right good will, and merited the frequent applauses they received. In candour, however, we cannot put the principal performers of this cast in comparison with Miss Shirreff, Wilson, and Giubilei, or Seguin; but the varied repertory of the French company has not need of "La Postillon" to make it sufficiently attractive.

Mlle. Calvé, though suffering under the influenza of the present juncture, was desirous not to disappoint the expectations of the numerous audience that attended the theatre on Monday night, and though still far from well, she sang in so excellent a manner that, except for a useless claim upon the indulgence of the audience, before the rising of the curtain, nobody would have been aware of her indisposition. Her health is now quite re-established, and she will be able to appear to-morrow (Friday) in the new opera of "L'Eclair." As we were in Paris at the first representation of this charming opera by Halery, we shall here give a short analysis of it. In the neighbourhood of Boston, and near to the sea-shore, a delightful house is occupied by Henriette, a young girl, sweet, good, modest, and sensible, and by her sister, Mme. Darbel, a young widow, lively, elegant, fond of amusements and fêtes, and rather flirtish. At this country house arrives Georges, a young student, who has just finished at Oxford. The uncle of Georges, who is also uncle to the two sisters, has desired the young man to ask the hand of that one of them whom he should love the best, but the innocent scholar finds them equally attractive and knows not whom to select. While at breakfast and reflecting upon the difficulty of his position, a young naval officer enters, who gives him good advice, and speaks to him of the pleasures of the sea, (which gives occasion to sing a grand cavatina). Hardly has the young officer (Lionel) got into the boat which is to take him to his ship, when a tempest overtakes him; the lightning flashes, the thunder rattles, the skiff is destroyed, and when Henriette, who has succoured the wrecked officer, has placed him in the apartment which he left half an hour before, Lionel is blind.

Three months elapse between the 1st and 2d acts. During this time, Mme. Darbel has been receiving in Boston the flattering compliments which assured her of her beauty, and Henriette has bestowed the most tender care on the blind young officer. As for Georges, he is constantly near his cousin and Lionel, yet without perceiving that they love each other. Mme. Darbel, tired of Boston, probably because her cousin George neglects to join her there, returns to the country, and her sister immediately confides to her her love for Lionel. He is confident of returning sight, for the physician has promised to lift the bandage from his eyes by moonlight. At the appointed hour for the experiment Lionel lifts the veil which covered his eyes, and finding himself in the presence of the sisters, throws himself at the feet of Mme. Darbel, believing her to be his beloved Henriette. The latter faints at the fatal declaration and the curtain falls.

At the 3d act, Henriette has quitted the house, leaving Lionel with her sister. Lionel, in order to bring back Henriette, pretends a wish to marry Mme. Darbel. Georges believes it, and now resolves to offer his hand to her sister; whilst he is preparing his nuptial habits, Henriette discovers the ruse, perceives that Lionel is faithful, and marries him; and Georges, who is easily satisfied, marries Mme. Darbel, who says she has just found the husband she likes.

The libretto is insignificant and full of blunders with regard to the country; but the piece, well played, is not deficient in interest, particularly to those who like sentimental comedy. As for the music, it is a piece most exquisite, of a fine classical harmony, and of a distinguished and agreeable melody. It often recalls the style of Herold, although it is quite original. We understand that Mlle. Calvé introduces a new piece every night, by way of singing lesson; his occurs in the 2d act. We trust that this charming cantatrice will renew her engagement here.

It is with regret we have to remark that Mme. Lecourt, at her benefit last Saturday had a larger share of bouquets than of dollars. Although flowers are acceptable at all periods of life, we hope that the benefit of Mme. Mathieu on Saturday (this evening) will show a preponderance the other way. This excellent actress will appear in "Les Saltimbanques," in which she will support the character of *La femme sauvage*.

* * * On dit, but yet in whispers, that M. Blaise, prima basso of the Italian Company of Havana is ready to make an engagement with the French company. We could then hear "Le Chalet," "Acteon," "Le Maître de Chapelle," and perhaps "Anna Bolena," "La Favorite," and parts of "Robert le Diable."

It is also said that a vaudeville, written by a French amateur, who has not been long in New York, will be played next week.

MUSICAL CORRESPONDENCE.

PARIS, 2d May, 1843.

At the present moment literature is causing music to be neglected; in every distinguished circle, in every fashionable salons, the only subject is "Lucretia" a tragedy, in 5 acts, by Ponsard, and represented at the Odeon Theatre within the last few days. The work is not a master-piece, but as it is from the pen of a young writer, filled with scenes of a lofty poetry, and recommends itself by its classic forms, it has excited general attention, and has acquired much interest with the public. I regret that I cannot send you a few specimens of this piece, but you have forbidden French quotations of length. I return therefore to music, and musical news, *L'Opera Comique* has at length brought out "Le Puits d'Amour," an opera in three acts, the words by Scribe and De Leuven; the music by Balfe. I shall not speak of the libretto, which is complicated, and contains several improbabilities I prefer to say a few words concerning the music, which, after all does not require a long analysis. Any one who is acquainted with one of Balfe's beautiful pieces, knows the greater part of the airs in this new opera. Here are movements, and again movements, and yet again movements; these are charming, they are graceful in the work, but they no more belong to "Le Puits d'Amour" than to "Falstaff," or any other opera by the same composer. After all, the opera will not fail to please a certain class of amateurs, and fully justify the epithet of *Anglo-Italian* which the Parisian artists have bestowed on Mr. Balfe.*

The greatest musical event of the last fortnight is certainly the performance at the *Academie Royale* for the benefit of *Madame Cinti Damoreau*. In my last I gave you the programme of that fine festival; besides the 1st Act of "L'Ambassadrice," the 1st Act of "La Muette de Portici," and the concertante variations for the voice and violin, *Mdme. Damoreau* also sang the 2d Act of "Il Barbiere di Siviglia." I need not describe her success; all Paris idolises her, and it is two years since this admirable vocalist appeared at one of our lyric theatres. In short she surpassed herself in the "Muette"; at the end of the grand air the place rang with the thunders of applause; the enthusiasm was general; and bouquets were showered upon the stage.

Except the magnificent concert given by *Henri Herz*, in which that delightful pianist and composer obtained the most deserved success, here is nothing worthy of particular detail among the innumerable *soirees* offered to the public every week. I should inform you, however, that *Artot* will play several new pieces of his own composition, at his concert this evening. I mention his name to inform you that it is by no means certain that *Mdme. Damoreau* and *Artot* will visit the United States. It has been vaguely spoken of, it is true; but nothing is decided with regard to it. I should rather think that *Mdme. Damoreau* would desire to engage herself again at the Comic opera; here her pupil *Mlle. Laoye* continues to obtain the most enthusiastic applause; but you know that the talent of *Mdme. Damoreau* has nothing to apprehend from either old or young reputations. Though this divine singer may not visit you, you may be certain that *Sigismunde Thalberg* will not fail. He is at Vienna just now, and will probably embark for America about the beginning of the month of August.

I do not speak of the success which *Mdme. Eugenia Garcia* has obtained at Covent Garden, your London correspondence will have instructed you therein; I shall therefore inform you of the immense vogue of "Don Pasquale" at the Milan and Turin theatres. You will read perhaps with interest, that which one of the most distinguished critics of Italy, *Signor Commazzini*, has written on this work. After tracing the history of *Buffa* music in Italy, he adds, "Donizetti, a composer of a vast and prompt imagination, nourished from his youth, upon the classic authors of his country, after having gathered the beauties of *Rossini*, after having enriched Italy with master-pieces which will survive the caprice of fashion, believed that it was useful to the glory of his country to restore the ancient opera buffa, to call it again to the powerful vitality of former times, in a word to renew wonders * * * * * Donizetti, in composing 'Don Pasquale,' has merited well of his country, he has joined to the present time the broken years of the ancient opera buffa."

The successes of Donizetti are not confined this year to those which he has obtained at the Italian Theatre of Paris. We have received letters from Vienna full of expressions of admiration on the subject of the new *Miserere* which this master has composed and which has been executed in the Imperial chapel, amidst the deep emotions of the whole court that assisted at the solemnity. Much had been said beforehand on the composition, nevertheless the performance has far surpassed the expectation.

I cannot conclude this letter without announcing to you an important publication to which your national *amour-propre* will be justly sensible. Yes, you will learn with pleasure that Handel is about to become known in France to all who have any musical pretensions. Under the title of "Collection de Chants Classiques" a distinguished amateur is publishing an excellent selection of fine pages of the great English master.† After this choice selection, which consists of four parts or numbers, comes the entire translation, in Italian, of the most complete and dramatic of Handel's oratorios, the "Judas Maccabeus." One single expression may characterise this admirable work; it is *grand*, like the Bible!

Music.

In our remarks on Mr. Wallace's first concert we could not repress the wish that in future he would endeavour to give us a larger portion of the *sweet* to be mixed with the *wonderful*. Hear what *Spohr*—the great *Spohr*—says with regard to this. "A mere striving after brilliancy is the more reprehensible, since the violin, besides this, is capable of conveying the most intense and pathetic expression. To the acquisition of manual dexterity let him seek to add that of polished taste, and strive to cultivate refined feeling." This was the case with *Paganini*, whose imitators mistakenly imagine that they approach him most nearly when they plunge in the sea of difficulties; forgetful that the great master was quite as intent to move the finer feelings as to astonish the

* Poor Balfe! According to the notion of our "particular" contemporary he cannot be any great thing, since the Parisians have dubbed him a "Hermaphrodite"—ED. ANG. AM.
† Handel, though a German, is generally considered an English composer because all his principal compositions were made after he settled in England, where he was a distinguished favourite at the court. In fact his works have not, until lately, been received with much favour anywhere else, so original are both his style and his harmonies; but as has just been said of Donizetti, in the text, the music of Handel will "survive the caprices of fashion."

hearing. We have no doubt that Mr. Wallace gave way in this instance more to popular fashion than to his own taste; but no one will fail to please by mixing the *simple* and *pathetic* among the more abstruse specimens of art; and in this respect we think that *Nagel* was transcendent over the generality of violinists whom we have heard of late.

We feel inclined to give one more quotation from *Spohr*, for his is unquestionable authority. "The reason," says he, "why the public favour has been very much of late transferred from violin concertos to sinfonias, may be accounted for from the degenerate character of the former. Too many solo players select such compositions as are calculated only to astonish their hearers, or are unable to resist the vanity of performing what they call their own compositions, which are frequently gleanings from such as have been accustomed to practice. That the public, after having acquired a taste for the beauties of a classical sinfonia, should turn with disgust from such exhibitions, will excite no wonder."

We present this quotation to the consideration of those who have attended the concerts of the new Philharmonic society of this city. Although hardly broken into harness, and having almost innumerable difficulties to contend with, the sinfonias played by them,—long, as some of them were—were listened to with unaffected delight, their plots were examined—aye, and discovered too—and they were not only highly pleasing at the moment, but left a lasting impression on the hearers.

The following new music is just published at Atwill's Music Saloon, 201 Broadway; viz.,

"Yes, I should like to marry." The words are by H. P. Grattan, Esq., and the music by J. T. Craven; the former consists of parallel bagatelle verses, for a lady or a gentleman to sing, and they are amusing enough; the latter is really a neat little melody within the compass of nine notes of the middle voice.

The true heart of Woman.—A ballad, the music of which is by Alexander Lee, but in which it is altogether impossible to forget the beautiful air of "Farewell to the Mountain." It is however very pleasing.

Literary Notices.

PRINCIPLES OF POLITICAL ECONOMY. By William Atkinson.—This is a neat and cheap little fasciculus upon a very important science, and its interest is not a little enhanced by an introduction from the pen of Mr. Horace Greeley. Of this last mentioned gentleman it is proper to declare our steadfast belief that whatsoever may be the nature of the opinions propounded by him, whether correct or incorrect, whether practical or visionary, they are at least *honest*; they are the genuine sentiments of his mind, and he is ever ready to stand or fall by them whensoever he has given them forth to the public. In the case before us we regret that we can hardly stir a step without dissenting from both him and Mr. Atkinson, whose work Mr. Greeley appears to hold in high estimation, and who is said by the latter to have only not gone far enough with his principle. Both these gentlemen are directly opposed to the principles of Free Trade, and confine themselves too much to narrow sectional advantages. Indeed the work of Mr. Atkinson is *prima facie*, entitled to be viewed with suspicion; it is not an abstract enquiry into the nature and properties of Political Economy, but an *ex parte* address to a commission instituted to take into consideration the condition of the hand loom weavers. He is the professed advocate of the Spital Field Operatives, engaged by them to make the best case he can in their behalf, which of course includes special privileges. There is a logical air about the text, and it is written with considerable ingenuity; of course the sentiments are genuine, and it was the knowledge of his opinions that occasioned him to be selected. But his reasonings may be confuted, as we think, without much difficulty; and although we must praise the book as ingenious one, and remark that there are many circumstances in it of a useful nature, we should not feel inclined to adopt it as a text book on the subject it treats of. It is published by Greeley and McElrath, of this city.

THE LADIES COMPANION, VOL. XVIII.—Published by William S. Snowden, Fulton street. The very great number of volumes to which this work has reached entitles it, in some sort, to be considered a valuable collection of literary matter. It has claims, however of a much higher order than those of so superficial a nature. The list of contributors to this elegant work includes a vast number of persons standing eminently high in the literary world; it is edited by Ladies, whose very names are a warrant for its excellence, viz., Mrs. Lydia H. Sigourney, and Mrs. Emma C. Embury, and the rich and profusely scattered embellishments which adorn it tell the plain tale that the proprietor spares neither pains nor expense to make it indeed a "Ladies' Companion." The nineteenth volume of this work commenced with the May number just passed, and the terms of subscription are only three dollars per annum.

THE IRISH SKETCH BOOK.—By M. A. Titmarsh. New York: J. Winchester.—The name here given of the author is a *nom de guerre*, the work being written by W. M. Thackeray, a gentleman well known in the walks of literature and wit—witness the "Yellowplush Correspondence." It has been favourably noticed by all the British critics, and the reprint before us gives us the means of confirming what they have said. The scenes are vividly described, the incidents are striking and characteristic, and the wood-cuts which accompany the work are strongly illustrative of the text. This book will doubtless be very popular.

A VOICE FROM THE VINTAGE. By Mrs. Ellis. New York: J. & H. G. Langley.—The continuation of this title sufficiently indicates its import; it is "on the force of example; adapted to those who think and feel." This excellent little brochure, from the pen of her who wrote the "Wives of England," is an earnest attempt to recommend the cultivation of temperate habits: it considers the nature of the vice of intemperance, its tendencies, the temptations to which those are liable who give way to it, and, *not impertinently*, recommends persons in certain circumstances and positions to shelter themselves against its consequences by joining the temperance society.

THOMAS' SALT WATER BATHS AT CASTLE GARDEN.—We cannot too strongly call attention to those spacious and elegant baths, which are replete with every comfort and attended to with every care. In the female department Mrs. Thomas herself attends, and is assiduous in all the arrangements and appliances which can contribute to the health and convenience of the bathers. Not a small recommendation perhaps is this, that the greatest care is taken with regard to the admission of proper persons to the baths generally.

Foreign Summary.

PRINCE ALBERT.—The *Gazette* of last night contains the appointment of Prince Albert to the offices of Governor and Constable of her Majesty's Castle of Windsor, in the room of Augustus Frederick Duke of Sussex, deceased.

La Globe states, that the Vigie French brig of war has captured on the western coast of Africa, and brought into Goree, an English vessel laden with slaves for the West Indies.

The *German Universal Gazette* publishes a letter from Rome of the 6th ult., mentioning that an insurrectionary movement had taken place at Benevento, and that the delegate and authorities had been obliged to seek refuge in the citadel.

In consequence of the increased demand for goods, several of the cotton manufactures of Blackburn have recently increased the wages of their weavers, generally to the amount of 10 per cent.

The trade of Paisley continues to improve, and the display of shawls this season is unprecedented.

The number of volumes of the Scriptures in the Chinese language issued by the Baptist Missionary Society, is 15,500.

Mr. John H. Saddle, at Holbeck, in Leeds, has invented a loom for weaving each sail of a ship, even of the largest class, in one entire piece, thus greatly increasing the strength and diminishing the weight.

Sheridan Knowles, it is stated, only received £100 for the last new play of "The Secretary." This is his fifteenth dramatic production.

Mr. Lockhart, Sir W. Scott's son-in-law, has been appointed auditor of the Duchy of Cornwall, in the place of the late Mr. John Allen, of Dulwich. The emolument is about £400 a year, and the duties are not onerous.

PUBLIC OPINION.—Up to the 16th of May, the Corn Laws have been supported by two petitions and twelve signatures; total and immediate repeal of the Corn Laws, by 4,027 petitions, and 1,079,537 signatures.

The Queen entered her twenty fifth year on Wednesday week.

The second reading of the Canada Wheat Bill was carried in the House of Commons on the 2d instant, by 209 to 109. Majority 100.

The Duke of Wellington purchased, on the day of the private view, Sir William Allan's fine picture of the Battle of Waterloo, which is now to be seen in the exhibition of the Royal Academy. The price was 600 guineas.

THE DERBY.—The greatest race in England, perhaps in the world, whether as regards the interest it excites or the amount of the stakes, was won by Cothstone, ridden by Scott, on the 31st ult. Value of the stakes £4,225. 23 started.

A court for the decision of quarrels between literary men, publishers, &c., has been established at Stuttgart, and has succeeded so well that the example is about to be followed in Leipzig.

The consumption of British spirits has decreased in the course of last year to the extent in England of 200,000 gallons, and in Scotland to 400,000 gallons.

The Court Circular contains a long account of the christening of the infant Princess, on the 2d instant.

The Greenwich Pier, the erection of which cost £30,000, has been destroyed by the force of the tide.

THE AERIAL MACHINE.—A veritable model of this long-talked of monster has at last made its appearance, under the care of Mr. Henson himself. It was deposited at the Royal Adelaide Gallery on Monday night, by that practical person, Bishop Wilkins. The model, which is 12½ feet by 3 feet, weighs 17lbs. without water and fuel, and 18lbs. including those necessary articles of aerial navigation. This gives about half a pound to the square foot. It is stated to be the model of one of 144 feet in length now being made.

WILL OF THE LATE MR. ARKWRIGHT.—On Wednesday week the probate of the will of Richard Arkwright, late of Willesby, in the county of Derby Esq., deceased, passed through the hands of the sealkeeper at the Prerogative Court of Canterbury. The personal property of the deceased is sworn to exceed £1,000,000; the stamp duty on the probate was £15,000, being the highest duty, when the personal estate of the testator is £1,000,000 and upwards. The executors are the five sons of the deceased, and who are also residuary legatees to a very large amount.

HOUSEHOLD OF THE PRINCE OF WALES.—The appointment of a separate household for the Prince of Wales, an infant scarcely two years old, is not a mere joke of *Punch* but sober reality. The *Gazette* of Friday notifies several appointments thereto, as, for instance, Geo. Edward Anson, Esq., to be Treasurer of the Household and Cofferer to his Royal Highness; Thos. Pemberton Leigh Esq., to be Chancellor and Keeper of the Great Seal; James Robert Gardiner, Esq., to be Secretary and Clerk of the Council (!) to his Royal Highness; Edward White Esq., to be Auditor of the Duchy of Cornwall; and the Hon. John Chetwynd Talbot to be Attorney-General.

COLONIZATION.—A deputation from the committee of the Colonial Society, consisting of the Earl of Mountcashell, Lieutenant-Colonel Pringle, and Mr. R. M. Martin, had an interview, a few days back, with Lord Stanley, at the Colonial Office for the purpose of presenting to and enforcing a memorial on the expediency and advantage of government adopting and energetically carrying out a scheme of systematic colonization. After reading the memorial, the Earl of Mountcashell and Mr. Martin addressed Lord Stanley at considerable length in support of it, but the impression left on the mind of the deputation was anything but favourable or encouraging.

OUTRAGES IN MANCHESTER.—Manchester has been the scene of two formidable outrages. One, amongst a party of brickmakers, who turned out for wages, and having been superseded by other hands, proceeded, armed with guns, pistols, and other deadly weapons, to destroy the property, and punish the manager of the works to whose conduct they attribute their dismissal. Many shots were fired, and several persons wounded, but none fatally. Twenty-three men were arrested, and eight committed to take their trial at the next assizes. The other outrage was between a party of soldiers and the police of the town, which originated in a drunken brawl between two soldiers respecting the repeal of the union. The men turned out to fight, the police interfered, a mob collected, and the scene of the riot presented for several hours a very alarming appearance. The soldiers were taken to the station-house, where a number of their comrades attempted to rescue them. But ultimately peace was restored, without loss of life. Several persons are in custody, charged with being connected with this movement.

M. Thiers will, immediately after the close of the parliamentary session, go to Spain, for the purpose of visiting Saragossa, and other places of note in the struggle against Napoleon.

The *Courrier Franais* says—"General Boyer, ex-President of the Republic of Hayti, is expected shortly at Paris. It is confidently stated that the greater part of his fortune is placed in the French funds. Apartments have been taken for him, and his friends are making preparations to receive him."

The *Gazette of Judaism*, published at Leipsic, announces that Baron Rothschild of Paris, has given 100,000 francs for the foundation of a Jewish hospital at Jerusalem, on conditions that a Jewish school for both sexes should be annexed to it.

ENORMOUS WEALTH.—The property left by Baron Stieglitz, the banker, who lately died at St. Petersburg, is estimated at the enormous amount of fifty millions of roubles (between 5,000,000 and 6,000,000 sterling.) He was a native of Hanover, where his elder brother, one of the most celebrated physicians in Germany, died a few years ago.

The *Gazette des Postes* of Frankfort announces an extraordinary discovery made by an Englishman, named Pardley, residing at Manheim. It consists of a type-electro-magnetic telegraph, a machine by which news may be transmitted with the greatest rapidity from one place to another, and which at the same time fixes the impression on paper in the same manner as by a printing press and types.

We understand that several companies of the 66th Regiment proceeded on Tuesday morning to Glasgow; in consequence, we presume, of the excitement in Ireland. A portion of the troops at Piershill have also been despatched by railway to the same quarter. *Edinburgh Evening Post.*

Varieties.

EPICURAM.—ON LIEUTENANT EYRE'S NARRATIVE OF THE DISASTERS AT CABUL.

A sorry tale of sorry plans,
Which this conclusion grants,
That Affghan clans had all the Khans
And we had all the cant's.

T. H.

AN IRISHMAN AND THE LOOKING GLASS.—Thomas Nicholas, an Irish labourer, was charged at Marlborough-street police office, London, on Wednesday, with breaking a looking glass of the value of £5, in the house of Mr. Jennings, Regent-street. Mr. Jennings stated, that he had employed a builder, who had that morning sent the defendant to his house to make some repairs. The defendant, seeing in the room in which he was working his own reflection in a looking-glass, exclaimed, "Arrah, by St. Patrick, and me masher told me he only sent one man, and there's another; and he's got me hammer.—I'll have a shy at him;" suiting the action to the word, he smashed the imaginary personage and the glass at the same time. The value of the glass was about £10, but he had only laid it at £5. Mr. Maltby inquired how long he had been employed by his present master.—Defendant: Only this morning.—Mr. Maltby: A very pretty beginning. How can you pay for the damage you have done, and how do you account for it?—The defendant replied, that he had just been put on the job, as he expected, by himself, but seeing the other fellow looking at him, he struck against the glass, and broke it. He could assure his majesty that he thought it was another workman who had been put on the job that he was engaged for, and also thought he had stolen his hammer.—After being locked up for some time, he was liberated on the complainant accepting his wife's promise to pay the amount off at 5s. per week.

NAPOLEON'S PRESENCE OF MIND.—Those who know much of the history of Napoleon, are aware that he was remarkable for his great presence of mind. As illustrative of this trait in his character, Col. Lehmanowsky, the other evening, related an incident which occurred while Bonaparte was at the Military School at Brienne. One day one of the buildings took fire, on the roof, and, while all the rest of the students hastened to the top of the building, he went down cellar, where there was a cask of powder, which being unable to remove he got astride of, and there remained until, after the fire was extinguished, one of the professors called for and found him. "Why, what in the world are you doing here!" exclaimed the professor. The embryo Emperor replied that, while they were all on the top of the building, if a spark of fire had chanced to come down through the flue and ignite the powder, they would have been blown to atoms! and such was the fact. Napoleon was then but 15 years of age. *Boston Transcript.*

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